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## Things in General

LAST Monday the Court of Revision allowed the appeal of the Victorian Order of Nurses for exemption from taxation on their premises, 206 Spadina avenue. City Relief Officer Taylor, who is probably the best informed man in the city with regard to such matters, considers that this action was uncalculated, for as the Order received last year \$1,501.40 in fees from patients, \$3,526 in subscriptions, making a total of \$5,117.40. The staff consists of seven nurses and the superintendent, whose salaries aggregate \$2,239, and besides it is free of encumbrances. "We have in this city," continued Mr. Taylor, "two nursing-at-home missions, the work of which is confined to the poor. These missions do what may be considered the nursing of the city's destitute, and it is very efficiently done." This must seem to reasonable people sufficient grounds for Mr. Taylor's opposition to what is practically the granting of more money to a branch of an order which never would have been started had it not been for the vanity and fussiness of Lady Aberdeen. The Victorian nurses compete for pay-patients directly with the trained nurses of this city, who depend for their livelihood not on a semi-charitable, largely subsidized association, but upon their own exertions, and if they acquire by industry a little property it has to pay taxes.

The cancellation of taxes on an assessment of \$3,585 on the St. Clement's Club in William street, on the ground that it was a philanthropic institution, a part of church property, was no more indefensible than the exempting of the \$4000 property of the Sunday School Institute at 141 College street, though both are examples of the working of an unjust system. In the first instance Rev. Father Barrett appeared on behalf of the Redemptorist Fathers; in the second case Rev. Dr. Courteau, a well-known Methodist minister, pressed the appeal, and Mr. Defoe, the Catholic representative on the Court of Revision, was the one to suggest that the appeal be allowed. Here we see our Catholic and Methodist brethren working in beautiful harmony when it comes to a question of loading church burdens on secular shoulders. I consider that sort of thing as disgraceful as the recent salary grab at Ottawa.

The Court of Revision also exempted the V. M. C. A. branch at the Union Station, though it was pointed out to them that it was much of a business affair, in some respects competing with boarding-houses and restaurants. Taxes have been bunched on to the business public by this Board—and by the new assessment law—almost without mercy, yet apparently they love to appear brimming over with "charity." Verily, of Faith, Hope and Charity the greatest graft is charity.

THE Quebec Conservatives have reorganized with Mr. Monk as their leader. It is understood that the association is not merely provincial, but is to be a horse in a double team, the other animal being the Conservative Association of Canada. The idea is so rip-roaringly absurd that it is a wonder that anyone, even at a banquet, could either suggest it or hear it suggested with a straight face. The diminutive size of the Conservative party in Quebec, both in the Provincial Legislature and the House of Commons, at once suggests the idea that such a team would look like a Shetland colt harnessed to a Clydesdale draft horse. That sort of thing would do for a callithumpian procession, but in politics Mr. Borden will find himself laughed out of public life if he fails to sit immediately, publicly and "squishingly" upon such a crazy proposition.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER made one of his eloquent speeches at the turning of the first sod on the Lake Superior branch of the G. T. P. at Fort William on Monday. Sir Wilfrid was at his best, which is saying much, and said many beautiful things about Canada and Canadians, of the liberty of our institutions and the welcome which we extend to incomers of all kinds. He pictured a glorious future for the country and dilated upon the necessity of opening up the great West, going so far as to intimate that even a third transcontinental road will have to be begun before the G. T. P. is completed, adding that even it would probably have to be supplemented by a new canal. This certainly is a great and glorious future—the expenditure of a hundred and fifty or two hundred millions for the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. This future does not appear to be far off, for Sir Wilfrid, speaking of the canal, said, "The future is great and magnificent. It compels us to act at once. No Canadian here will call a sacrifice what is a necessity to prepare for that future which lies before us." Sir Wilfrid turned the sod with a golden shovel, and the gold of the Dominion is evidently about to be shoveled out on the same scale of magnificence. If the country were to own the railways and canal projected it would not be so bad, but they will be the property of corporations and the profits of the construction of the railway will go to the politicians.

Aside from these material things, I wonder if Sir Wilfrid while touring the wonderful West, which he struggled to bind and succeeded in fettering, felt a pang of regret that he had so effectually estranged himself from so large an element of his countrymen by his perfidious conduct regarding the Autonomy Bill. If he did not, a hundred thousand of his friends did, and were saddened by the thought that the greatest part of his future is in the past.

THE Temiskaming Government railroad is being run for revenue. No passes are given to those traveling over it, not even to the members of departments whose employees are forced to use it. The Public Works and the Lands and Mines Departments feel somewhat sore, but the Commissioners are firm; and though it is largely a matter of book-keeping, as the expenses of Government officials buying tickets come out of the public chest yet it sounds well, is a good principle, and will result in showing how much the road has actually earned. When the C. P. R. was in its youth—and probably even yet—the travelling employees had to buy sleeping-car tickets, though the sleepers were owned and conducted by the company itself. It does not create a great deal of book-keeping, and if Toronto were to tax everything but its cemeteries, even the Public schools and the land they are built upon, the churches and hospitals and everything else, people would get to understand where we are at, and it could be put to popular vote whether the amount of exemptions should in each instance be returned to the recipients in the shape of cash. This would really test the question of how much people understand the meaning of exemptions—they do not need to be tested as to whether they understand the meaning of money.

THE man who recently committed suicide in North Dakota confessed to murdering a young woman in Ontario years ago, allowing an innocent man to be hanged for the crime. Some years ago another degenerate dying in Texas confessed to having borne false witness at the trial, and the reputation of the Sterling family had already been partially relieved of the odium of having had a relative who had been hanged. Now they naturally feel the satisfaction of complete exoneration. The fate of the man who was put to death by the law was infinitely preferable to that of the man who for years went about with a terrible burden of a double crime, eating like an adder into every part of him where there was a remnant of good. What can be imagined more terrible than being continually haunted not only by the crime of murder, but the greater crime of bearing false witness which caused the execution of a comrade and the humiliation of a respectable family? One would require a powerful imagination to conjure up the pictures that the wretched creature saw both by day and night. Every time he saw a person

who resembled the one he killed the ghost of the past clutched him by the throat. When he heard a voice like that of the poor fellow who was hanged in his stead his blood must have run cold through his veins. Scarcely a newspaper for these many years has been without a murder or hanging story, and these must have been interesting reading to Charles Hefsi. The conversation of those about him whenever it turned on murders, perjuries and those who committed fiendish crimes, must have made him a happy man. Turning in his bed when his hand touched something cold, one can imagine his terror, and the sight of a policeman coming towards him could not but have tempted him to turn and run. As he admitted in his confession, life became so intolerable that he committed suicide, which proves, not that he had a conscience, as people ordinarily define it, but that he had a memory and was capable of fear. As no man is without a memory and as no one is devoid of fear, no matter how bad or hardened he may be, the lesson seems obvious that the fewer wrong things we do the fewer we will have to remember and the less terror will be inspired of our being found out. The whole story is full of an awful warning which will probably not be noticed by those who read these things merely for the thrills they get out of them.

THE powers that look after our educational affairs must have had a moment of special illumination when they inaugurated this system of penny savings which the teachers are to take charge of this term. The money is to

go when the trustees were hustling about to get seats for the pupils for whom there was no accommodation.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, speaking at a prayer-meeting in the Cleveland church which he attends, is reported to have said: "I believe what the church needs most is consecrated common-sense—common-sense in business and common-sense in the spiritual realm. If we, as individuals, don't contribute to the temporal side of the church, the spiritual side is bound to fail. We can't hope for a sustained revival of religion. I believe that it is our duty to pray and work. And I believe it is our duty to give in support of the church. This is the secret of our success in business. Why shouldn't it be the secret of our success here?"

He has demonstrated that he believes it his duty to pray and work; nobody has worked harder or preyed so strenuously; if anybody knows the secret of success it can be said to be John D., and he has a perfect right to inquire why business methods, doubtless as represented by his own, should not be used for the spread of the Gospel. If one gazes at it for a moment the scheme looks much like the Standard Oil Company. As he evidently views it, there should be Gospel tanks in every town, pipe lines to distribute the tidings of great joy, tank trains and steamers to carry the joyful news, churches should be business offices, and a gigantic Trust created which would eventually crowd the sinner off the face of the earth. Thus competition with the Gospel would

vary to the progress of Toronto and to the development of the country. The day of the pioneer seems distant indeed in view of what has been accomplished by the present generation. Yet numbers of the men and women who cleared the land of its forests still live, and the influence of their pathetically hard and narrow but fruitful lives yet rests upon those who have succeeded them. Year by year, however, there is an increasing tendency all over the province to cut away from out-of-date methods and to adopt an outlook that is not bounded by township lines. The life of country people has, on the whole, become much broader as well as more prosperous. In small towns in Ontario, too, a distinct decrease is noticeable in that blighting curse, the narrow village spirit, which so commonly has filled communities with an atmosphere of ignorance, jealousy, and stagnation. Every evidence of a decrease in this spirit is to be hailed with supreme satisfaction.

THE following extract from a letter sent by the Toronto Board of License Commissioners to Mr. Patrick Mulqueen, president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, is calculated to make some of the booze sellers sit up: "In addition to the statement made by the Commissioners to your deputation, and in addition thereto, to the copy of the minute now handed to you, I am instructed to say that in considering the question of the renewal of licenses at the end of the year, the Commissioners may have regard to the location of licensed houses in residential districts, and the proximity of some of the present houses to one another, where apparently they are kept only as drinking places without particular regard to adequate or excellent accommodation for the travelling public."

ANCIENT Rome is the horrible example usually held up when the pulpit and the press consider that we are becoming too fond of luxury and too much given to frivolity. The cry of the decadent Romans for "a feed and a circus," as a modern Yankee translates it, has reverberated through the centuries and is sometimes heard in a country so close to the soil as Canada. The men of His Majesty's Navy who recently gave an exhibition for the benefit of the grand stand audience at the Fair are reported as having complained that the spectators took the whole performance as a show and used expressions of approval such as should be bestowed upon a tenth-rate vaudeville artist. The criticism was undoubtedly deserved, for our grand stand crowds have become so accustomed to tricks and tumblings that they fail to comprehend when something more dignified is being provided for their distinguished consideration. If we are proud of the British navy, if we realize what its protection means, then we should hardly regard a display of physical prowess by the men as a performance of an inferior acrobatic nature. The great "feed" at London the less, which signalized a victory that may prove more disastrous than defeat to the party concerned; was another indication of the spirit which makes a picnic of a national issue and which estimates loyalty by the amount of ham sandwiches devoured. It may be remarked that this spirit of triviality is in no way associated with a true sense of humor, the most frivolous people usually being insensible to the finer shades and subtleties of that appreciation of life's ironies which is one of the surest correctives of the "falsehood of extremes."

IT is doubtless a matter of conscience with the Tartar horsemen who are burning the Armenian monasteries and endeavoring to exterminate the Armenians because they do not believe in Mohammed. The same may be said of the Russians who have been oppressing and massacring the Jews because they do not believe in Christ. The Salvation Army is being hanged in Montreal for not believing in the Pope. It may be said that no State aid should be given to grow this sort of "Conscience" in Canada.

THE Anglican General Synod, now in session at Quebec, by a large majority, decided that the clergy of the church should not officiate at the re-marriage of divorced persons, no matter where or on what grounds divorce was obtained. A motion to permit the Anglican clergymen to act at the re-marriage of the wronged party was also defeated. Is not the Anglican Church taking an exceedingly narrow view of this matter? Is even the wronged party to a divorce to remain the remainder of his or her life in a marital sense alone, unshielded and unloved? To me the thing seems so preposterously unjust that I cannot conceive of so able and representative a body, as a rule holding such liberal views, pursuing such a course. If in general practice such a decree would have any practical effect, either in making marriage seem more sacred to the multitude or in crucifying the lives of those who have been unfortunate or sinful, it would have at least some value. As it works out, members of the Anglican Church who are divorced and seek to re-marry, simply go to some Nonconformist minister or a magistrate who makes them man and wife. Has the English law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister prevented such marriages or relations incalculably worse? Probably, outside of the Bishops and Lords who almost annually have defeated the bill to legitimize such a marriage, ninety-nine per cent of the English people are in favor of it and do not see anything wrong in it. Virtue is not created or perpetuated by statutes which mean nothing to the people except the infliction of a hardship. As has been frequently pointed out on this page and in many other Canadian papers, divorce is only possible in Canada to those who have the large price necessary to get an Act passed at Ottawa specially dissolving the marriage. Some of the provinces have divorce courts, but there should be a general law applicable to the whole Dominion so that for proper cause a dissolution of the marriage tie may be obtained inexpensively in local courts.

THE intriguing, gerrymandering, obvious injustice and despotism of the Laurier Government may, for the time, unmake Hon. Mr. Haultain in Saskatchewan, but it will make him Premier of Canada. How few knew of him before this happened? Who does not know and respect him now?

ONE of the best reasons for gratification because of the unparalleled success of the National Exhibition which closed last Saturday may be found in the fact that the immense attendance from all over Ontario would seem to indicate that the people of the province are more content than ever with their condition, and more inclined than ever to cultivate receptive minds. It is a well known fact that a falling off in the "show business" is one of the first indications that fear exists of the approach of hard times. With a precarious prospect in view people curtail their expenditures for entertainment. This is especially true of country people and residents of small towns. However, entertainment is an important factor in life, and when we see increasing thousands of people giving evidence of a desire for more enjoyment and a wider outlook we may take it as an encouraging sign. Doubtless the Fair affords amusement and instruction to many thousands, but whether this is true to any considerable extent or not, it is a good thing to see immense throngs of people from all directions showing by their attendance that they are looking for these things and attach importance to them. Different opinions may be held as to the usefulness of the Exhibition, but if it can be taken as a barometer indicating with rough accuracy the spirit of the people it is serving a good purpose. It is worth a great deal to Toronto to have a finger on the pulse of the province of which this city is the intellectual and commercial center.

The uprooting of narrow ideas and petty prejudices in On-



A GIRL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

be shut off and nothing remain to do business relating to man's spiritual nature but the Standard Gospel Trust, in which Mr. Rockefeller intimated he was willing to invest.

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Divorce—The woman being a man's property, his right to divorce her follows as a matter of course. As in doing so he must return the mohar, no injustice is done either to her or to her family. The divorcee returns to her family and can, if circumstances favor, be married a second time from there. No moral stigma of any kind arises from the mere fact of her being divorced. Yet, we can well suppose that from the first the family of the woman would be disposed to look with



DIVORCE SCENE IN GERMANY  
(From Kirches, "Jüdisches Ceremonial," 1776.)

disfavor upon such treatment, and the account which the husband was bound to take of the views and feelings of the wife's blood-relations laid from the very beginning a considerable restraint upon absolute freedom of divorce. The deuteronomistic law has unmistakably the intention of limiting in some degree the liberty too frequently exercised, without at the same time curtailing in any respect the rights of the husband.

Some restriction, however, was at the same time laid upon divorce by the mere fact that a writing ("bill of divorce") was now required by law (Dt. 24, 1 ff.). Further, it is enacted in D that the divorced wife, if, after divorce, she has married again and been separated from the second husband in turn by divorce or by his death, cannot again be taken back in marriage by her first husband. The old practice as to this was quite different (Hos. 3, 3; ep 2, S. 3, 14), and was similar to the old Arab custom; the Koran in fact lays it down as a condition that the wife can be taken back only if in the interval she has been the wife of another man. The manifest purpose of D and of the Koran alike is to put some kind of check upon rash and inconsiderate divorce. Lastly, D withdrew, as a penalty, the husband's right of divorce in two cases—those, namely, in which he had falsely accused his wife of not having been a virgin when he married her (Dt. 22, 19), or in which he had been compelled to marry a virgin whom he had wronged (Dt. 22, 28). This last innovation in the law is also directly contrary to the ancient practice, which did not even demand marriage as a compensation for the injury done. Here also we see the advance we have already noted, point by point, towards the securing of a higher position for the wife. Mal 2 condemns divorce in the strongest terms. The wife is the mother of "seed of God"; if there are children the end of marriage has been fulfilled. It is to Yahweh a hateful thing that a man should put away the wife of his youth and the mother of his children simply because she has grown old and has ceased to be personally attractive.

The right of divorce belongs of course only to the husband. The wife has no means of freeing herself from her husband, apart from the means employed also by the Arabs—namely to make herself so objectionable to her husband as to force him to send her away. We do not know whether a thing of common occurrence among the Arabs ever happened also among the Hebrews—that a man sent his wife away at her own request or at the request of her relations on repayment of the *mohar*. Salome the daughter of Herod might take the freedom of sending a bill of divorce to her husband Costobarus; but this was condemned as a foreign indecency (Jos. Ant. xv. 7, 10).—*Encyclopaedia Biblica*, vol. iii. col. 2947.

**Divorce**—Dissolution of marriage. The origin of the Jewish law of divorce is found in the constitution of the patriarchal family. The fundamental principle of its government was the absolute authority of the oldest male ascendant; hence the husband, as the head of the family, divorced the wife at his pleasure. The manner in which Hagar was dismissed by Abraham illustrates the exercise of this authority (Gen. xxi. 9-14). This ancient right of the husband to divorce his wife at his pleasure is the central thought in the entire system of Jewish divorce law. It was not set

aside by the Rabbis, though its severity was tempered by numerous restrictive measures. It was not until the eleventh century that the absolute right of the husband to divorce his wife at will was formally abolished. The earliest restrictions of this right are found in the Deuteronomistic code. In two cases the law provided that the husband "shall not be at liberty to put her away all his days": (1) if he falsely accused her of antemarital incontinence (Deut. xxii. 13-19); (2) if he had ravished her before marriage (Deut. xxii. 28, 29). In the Mishnaic period the theory of the law that the husband could divorce his wife at will was challenged by the school of Shammai. It interpreted the text of Deut. xxiv. 1 in such a manner as to reach the conclusion that the husband could not divorce his wife except for cause, and that the cause must be sexual immorality (Git. ix. 10; Yeb. Sotah i. 1, 16b). The school of Hillel, however, held that the husband need not assign any reason whatever; that any act on her part which displeased him entitled him to give her a bill of divorce (Git. ib.). The opinion of the school of Hillel prevailed. Philo of Alexandria ("Of Special Laws Relating to Adultery," etc. ch. v.; English ed., ii. 310, 311) and Josephus ("Ant." iv. 8) held this opinion. Jesus seems to have held the view of the school of Shammai (Matt. xix. 3-9).

Although not overthrown, the ancient theory of the husband's unrestricted right was still further modified by the Mishnah. To the two restrictions mentioned in Deuteronomy the Mishnah adds three others. It provides that the husband can not divorce his wife, (1) when she is insane (Yeb. xiv. 1), (2) when she is in captivity (Git. iv. 9), or (3) when she is a minor, so young as to be unable to understand or take care of her get, or bill of divorce (ib.). The Mishnah

xviii. 7). These were recognized as breaches of the law, and never became precedents. The following causes are recognized as entitling the wife to demand a bill of divorce from her husband: Refusal of conjugal rights (Ket. v. 6); impotence (Ned. xi. 12); when the husband has some loathsome disease, or leprosy, or is engaged in some malodorous business (Ket. vii. 9); the husband's refusal to support her (Ket. 77a); cruel treatment and deprivation of her lawful liberty of person (Ket. vii. 2-5, v. 5); wife-beating (Eben ha-Ezer, 154, 3, gloss); the husband's apostasy (Maimonides, "Yad," Ishut, iv. 15)—in the last named case the Jewish courts, having lost their authority over him, could appeal to the courts of the Gentiles to carry out their mandate ("Bet Joseph," 134); the husband's licentiousness (Eben ha-Ezer, 154, 1, gloss).

After the parties had been divorced, the law favored their remarriage ("Eduy. iv. 7"). But if the wife had married another man after her divorce, she could never be remarried to her first husband (Deut. xxiv. 1-5). To this Biblical law forbidding remarriage of the parties, the Mishnah adds five other cases. They cannot remarry after a divorce: (1) if the woman has been divorced upon suspicion of adultery; (2) if she was divorced because she had subjected herself to the obligation of certain vows (Git. iv. 7); (3) if she was divorced because of her barrenness (Git. iv. 11); (4) if a third person had guaranteed the payment of her ketubah; the reason in this case being that a scheme to defraud might result through collusion of the husband and wife against the guarantor of the ketubah; she might receive the divorce, collect the amount of the ketubah from the guarantor, and then remarry her husband to enjoy the benefit of the fraud with him (B. B. x. 9); (5) if the husband has consecrated all his property to religious uses subject to his wife's ketubah (Ar. vi. 2).

In some cases the courts will compel the separation of the husband and wife on grounds of public policy, against the will of both parties. Among these cases are the following: the marriage of persons within the prohibited degrees enumerated in Lev. xviii.; the marriage of a Jew and a non-Jew (Ab. Zarah 36b); the marriage with a "mamzer" or a "nativ" (Yeb. viii. 3); the marriage of an adulteress and her paramour (Sotah v. 1; Yeb. ii. 8). The same rule applies if one of the parties becomes afflicted with leprosy (Ket. 77b); or if they have been married for ten years and no children are born to them (ib.), although the practice of enforcing separation in the latter case fell into abeyance (Eben ha-Ezer 1. 3, gloss 154, 10).

The divorced woman was "sui juris," and could give herself in marriage to whom she pleased, with certain exceptions. She could not marry the man suspected of having committed adultery with her (Yeb. ii. 8), nor the messenger who brought her the get from her husband (ib. 9). She was not permitted to be remarried within three months after her divorce, in order that the paternity of the child with which she might be pregnant might not be in doubt (Yeb. iv. 10).

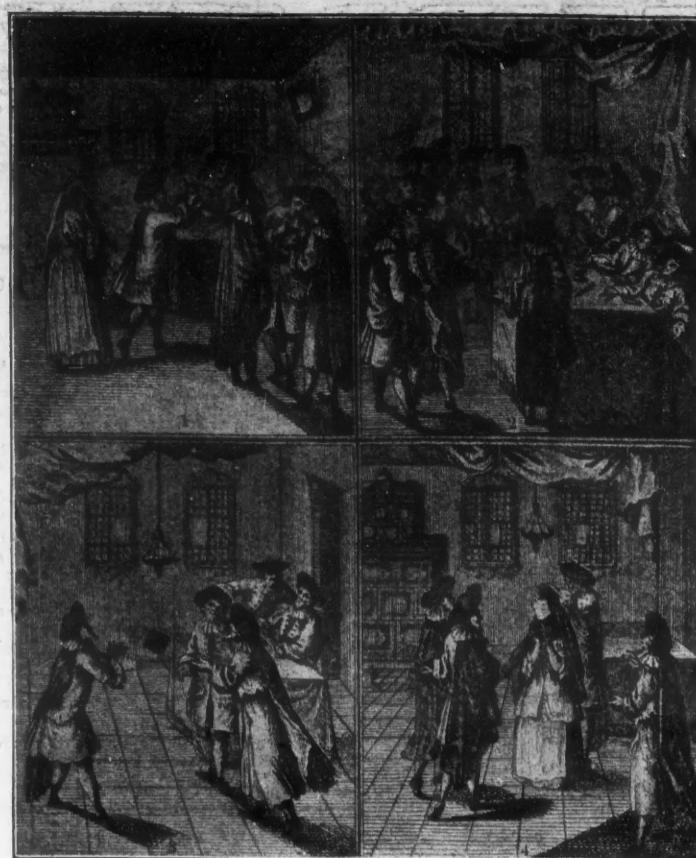
The children of the divorced woman remained in her custody; but the custody of the boys could be claimed by the father after their sixth year (Ket. 65b, 102b). According to later decisions, however, the court awarded the custody of the children according to its discretion (Eben ha-Ezer, 82, 7, gloss).

For further information concerning the bill of divorce, its preparation, attestation, and delivery, see Get.—*Jewish Encyclopedia*, vol. iv., pages 624, 625, 626 and 628.

Furthermore modified the right of the husband indirectly by making the divorce procedure difficult, and bristling with formalities in ordering, writing, attesting, and delivering the get. The matter required the assistance of one learned in the law (Kid. 6a), whose duty it became to attempt to reconcile the parties, unless sufficient reason appeared for the divorce.

Another check on the exercise of the theoretical right of the husband to divorce his wife was the law compelling him to pay her the dowry or the amount of her ketubah. Rabban Gamaliel deprived the husband of the power to "annul" his get (see *Cancelation of Documents*) (Git. iv. 2). If the husband was insane, he could not divorce his wife; and if he was temporarily deranged or delirious, or intoxicated, he was for the time being incapable of performing this as well as other legal acts (Yeb. xiv. 1; Git. vii. 1, 67b). A deaf-mute could not divorce his wife unless he had married her after he had become a deaf-mute (Yeb. xiv. 1). These many qualifications of the theoretical right of the husband to give a get to his wife at his pleasure, resulted in gradually eliminating from the popular mind the notion that such a right existed. The views of the moralists were opposed to divorce (Kid. 6a), and finally (as stated above), in the eleventh century, by a decree of Rabbi Gershon of Mayence, this theoretical right of the husband was formally declared to be at an end. The substance of this famous decree is thus stated (*Responsa Asheri*, xlii. 1): "To assimilate the right of the woman to the right of the man, it is decreed that even as the man does not put away his wife except of his own free will, so shall the woman not be put away except by her own consent." Where either of the parties, however, shows good cause for divorce the marriage will be dissolved against the will of the guilty party (Shulhan 'Aruk, Eben ha-Ezer, 119, 6, gloss).

The wife's right to sue for divorce was unknown to the Biblical law. There is a germ of this right in Ex. xxi. 11, but it was not until the Mishnah that this right was established. The wife never obtained the right to give her husband a get, but when the court decided that she was entitled to be divorced from him, he was forced to give her a get. During the reign of the Herodians, under the influence of Roman practise, cases are recorded in which women sent bills of divorce to their husbands (Josephus, "Ant." xv. 11,



SCENES AT DIVORCE.  
1. Writing the get. 2. Reading it aloud. 3. Throwing the get to the husband.  
(From Bodenschatz, "Kirchliche Verfassung" 1748.)

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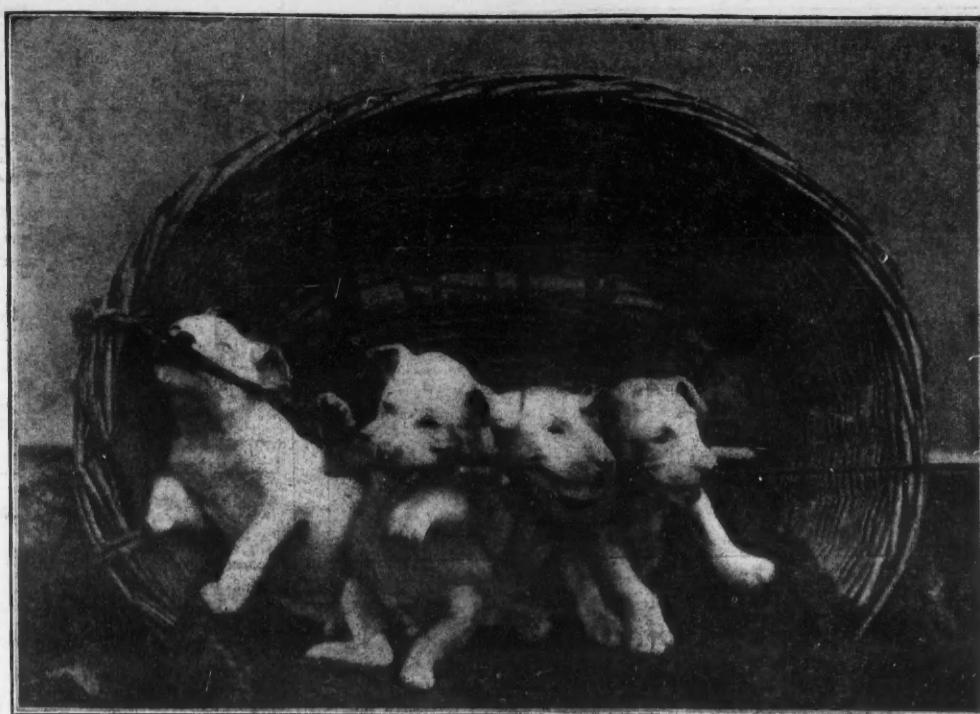
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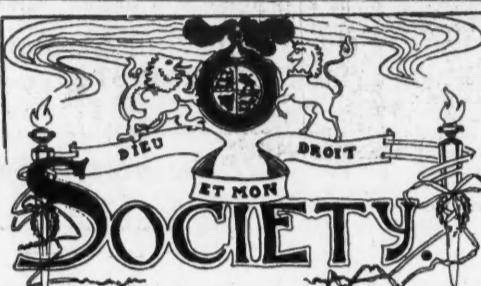
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A HAPPY FAMILY.



Trouting at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club has its dévots this month, and they greatly enjoy their sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Key of London, England, sailed for home on the *Virginian* this week, after a short visit to their son, Mr. Harold Key of St. Thomas. On Tuesday the party visited various points of interest in Toronto and took tea at the Yacht Club with friends.

Dr. See, a lady exponent of New Thought, is holding morning and afternoon meetings at 73 Summerhill avenue, where ladies have found her talks both interesting and helpful. Mrs. Clarence Whitney has arranged several coteries of bright minds who are enjoying Dr. See's talks.

The R. C. Y. C. Island season will terminate on the 23rd, when an At Home for the members and their friends will be held at the club house. The presentation of prizes will take place. The *Bobs*, the busy little launch supplementing the *Hawatha*, will not run after this week and the *Hawatha* discontinues her late trip after to-night, but will ply earlier until the 30th.

The extra dance for young people on Monday night at the Yacht Club was largely attended by a bright and happy party, numbering many charming visitors in the city. The dancers are very loth to see the close of this season, as the music, floor and other accommodation at the new club house have been delightful and they have thoroughly enjoyed them.

Mrs. Willie Gwynn has her sister, Mrs. Hebdon, on a visit since her return from Metis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Donald entertained at their Island home on Saturday. It is deplorable to see the encroachments of the lake upon the beach some short distance west of the breakwater. A party of visitors were obliged to dodge the waves and at times to wade across at one point where the board walk was washed away last Tuesday.

Members of the Strolling Players' Club are getting their season tickets, and reports that the club would be discontinued are therefore out of order. Such a pleasant and sociable concern would be greatly missed by scores of people.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Marion Jane Nicol, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nicol, and Mr. Charles Wilson Paterson, which will take place on October 3 in St. Anne's church, with a reception afterwards at 472 Givens street.

The Argonaut fair! At Home and races is this afternoon's town fixture for society.

A very fine and valuable exhibit of work done by Eastern Canadians, French and British, will open in the Woman's Art Studio in Confederation Life Building on Monday. Those who are familiar with former exhibits will be surprised at the size and variety of the coming one. Mrs. Dignam's weeks of travel and research in the Eastern Provinces has resulted in a rich harvest, some of her finds having attracted much admiring comment at the National Exhibition. A very beautiful cape collar of Irish applique done, I think, by a lace maker in Nova Scotia, was particularly noticed. The cloths and weaving of other sorts are exceedingly attractive.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge of Madison avenue have been enjoying a visit to the beauty spots of Scotland.

Dr. See's talks at Mrs. Clarence Whitney's home in Summerhill avenue are at three instead of four o'clock each afternoon, to give more time for after questions and discussion on New Thought.

The polo on Wednesday was favored with a glorious bright afternoon and by the presence of the Government House party, Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, being interested spectators of the game. The victory of Buffalo by one goal after eighteen goals even being won, was greeted with sportsmanlike applause and everyone voted the afternoon a most enjoyable one. The polo was neither rough nor to the gallery, and the only *contretemps* was the cut on the hand which fell to Baxter, a Montrealer playing for Toronto, who was replaced by Dr. Meyers. The crowd wasn't so large as on Saturday but very enthusiastic, and many smart people were on the grand stand. Colonel Stimson, who had just returned from the Kingsmill-Puddicombe wedding in London, drove his fine dappled grey pair. Mr. Albert Gooderham brought out a party in his autocar. Just at the close of the game is the new fad, rode in and saw the tail of the sport. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Aimée Falconbridge were the fair *equestriennes*. Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Dr. Wishart, Mr. Boulthoe, Mr. Lally McCarthy, Mr. Clinch, Mr. and Miss Boulton, Miss Hoodless, the Misses Suckling, Mr. Irving Ardagh, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Miss Y. Nordheimer, were in autos or strolling about the lawn. It was so chilly on the grand stand when the sun sank that many realized that summer is really over. Those brilliant "soloists," Straubene and Elmsley, did their best dashes off alone with the ball, and the red-tops from Buffalo played capitally together. Mr.

Alfred Beardmore developed quite a form and won many shouts of applause and encouragement. After the game he was host to a large party at the Hunt Club for dinner. The beautiful moonlight made that ideal place a perfect dream, and the guests enjoyed themselves hugely. There will be no polo this afternoon on account of the opening day of the O. J. C. races.

The Irish Guards' band, which won its way to the hearts of the people recently, will play at the races to-day and at Massey Hall this evening. A correspondent enquires if Lord Roberts is colonel of the Irish Guards, and a glance at the *Peacock* shows that he is.

Mrs. Wallbridge of Edmonton is visiting friends here, and will receive with her mother, Mrs. Archie Campbell, of the Junction, on September 23rd at the home of the latter lady.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Jean Agnes MacArthur, daughter of Mrs. John MacArthur, and Major Duncan Donald, which takes place on Wednesday, October 4, in St. Andrew's church, and will be followed by a reception at Mrs. MacArthur's residence, 648 Church street.

The Premier, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Pyne and several others left last week for a six days' trip to Temagami and other of the beauty spots recently made comtable in that district. They returned on Tuesday, quite in raptures over the exquisite scenery and the generally good time they enjoyed. The silver mine at Cobalt was one of the interesting spots visited.

Mr. Will Burrill has been spending a few days in town with his brother, Mr. A. P. Burrill, Maple avenue.

The marriage of Mr. Walter B. Kingsmill of St. Thomas and Miss Freida Puddicombe of London took place with much *éclat* in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Wednesday. Mr. Kingsmill is a son of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue, Toronto, and great interest was taken in Wednesday's happy event, many Torontians going up for the wedding. Canon Dunn performed the ceremony, the fine old church was made bright and beautiful with floral decorations, and Mr. George Sippel played. Miss Puddicombe's *robe des noces* was of white Liberty satin with trimmings *en berthe* and panel of rare lace, a court train, much ruffled with chiffon, and a crown of orange blossoms fastening the veil. The bridal bouquet was of lilies. Six bridesmaids, gowned in white taffeta with girdles of silver, and sheaves of white and pink lilies, attended the bride, the sisters of bride and groom, Miss Mary Puddicombe and Miss Annie Kingsmill, with Miss Elsie Hobbs, Miss Dora Labatt, Miss Eleanor Smallman and Miss Tabitha Moore, completing the attractive group. Mr. H. Adams was best man, and Mr. Campbell Becher, Mr. George Macbeth, Mr. Frank Hobbs, Mr. Kortright and Mr. Ernest Cattanach were ushers. The wedding *déjeuner* at the Beeches, the lovely home in London South of the bride's parents, was like all the festivities preceding the wedding for the past week, of a perfect and luxurious character. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill have gone to the West coast for their honeymoon; the bride travelled in a dull rose cloth costume, and a white felt hat with rose tips. The groom has for some time practised his profession in St. Thomas and there the young couple will make their home.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, who has just returned from Old Orchard, is living with her daughter at 329 St. George street.

Mr. Curtis Williamson has removed his studio from Toronto street, having secured Miss Laura Muntz's former studio in Yonge street Arcade.

Miss Amy Roberts Jaffray has taken rooms at 40 Wellesley street, at Miss MacDowell's.

Mrs. MacMillan (*née* Lash) bid good-bye to Toronto friends at her parents' home in Grenville street last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. MacMillan leave for their home in Princeton, N.J., next week, followed by best wishes for their happiness. The bridal party at their recent marriage were at Tuesday's reception.

Sir William and Lady Meredith, who are to reside at the Alexandra this winter, have been in Montreal visiting friends.

**Thoughts Upon the Peace.**  
HEN it comes to the spoken word the Russ wins. Before the war the Muscovite, as the louder in dispute, carried all before him. He was—to apply Kipling—"Killing the Mikado with his mouth." Then arrived the time for action and the tardy monster fell before his agile foe, but not, alas! "never to rise again." The peace question arose, and the giant arising with it won the day. The mouth again, you perceive.

Napoleon said that one day Europe would be either republican or Muscovite. By Muscovite, no doubt, he meant a *verbatim* form of government, *i.e.*, by word of mouth.

It is stated that when President Roosevelt received the peace congratulations from King Edward and the Kaiser he was engaged in his favorite recreation of chopping down a tree.

It is not stated if he thereupon buried the hatchet.

Now that the war is really at an end nature is taking a hand at destruction. Earthquakes, explosions, accidents, seem to keep the death-rate at par.

C. P. S.

He—Have you had time to read my book yet? She—No—only the last few pages.

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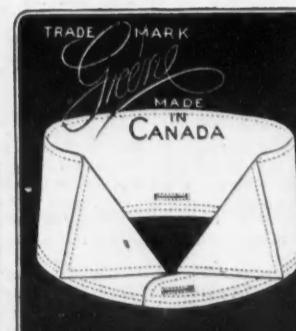
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1905.

### Ontario Jockey Club

TORONTO

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Leave Toronto every night at 5:30 and arrive New York 7:30 next morning via C. P. R.-New York Central route. Through sleeping car Toronto to New York, dining car Toronto to Buffalo. Leave Toronto 4:30 a.m. and arrive New York 10 p.m. same day, except Sunday. Full information at

Mrs. J. Ross Robertson of Culloden has returned from England, on the *Virginian*. The Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Sweatman, Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Cockshutt of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss McHenry of Toronto also came over on the *Virginian*. 169 1-2 Yonge street. Phone Main 4361.

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DIAMONDS

### AFTER THE STORM.

### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty returned from Roach's Point this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield, who since their marriage have resided at the King Edward, have leased a furnished house in Lowther avenue, No. 75, and are now residing there.

Mrs. Adam Beck and her little daughter, of London, and Mr. Harry Crerar and his sister, Miss Violet Crerar, of Dundon, Hamilton, have returned from England. Mr. Crerar has been studying abroad for years.

To-day the president and directors of the Ontario Jockey Club have invited a number of friends to luncheon at the Woodbine before the flag falls for the first race of the Fall Meeting.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, who has spent the summer abroad, returned home this week. During his absence Chudleigh was leased to Miss McCormick of Chicago.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. Ravenshaw, at Tunbridge Wells, England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne L. Sovereign, eldest daughter of Mr. Louis L. Sovereign of Waterford, Ont., and Mr. W. Percival Kirkpatrick, manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

An extremely pretty wedding took place on Tuesday at Old St. Andrew's church, when Miss Florence May Pringle, daughter of the late James Pringle of the Western Assurance Company, and Mrs. Pringle, was married to Mr. John Munro Sutherland of the Standard Bank, Toronto. The bride wore a gown of ivory *crepe de Paris* over chiffon taffeta, with trimmings of point lace; her veil was caught with orange blossoms and white heather, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her only ornaments were a pearl ring, the gift of the groom, and gold bracelet from her mother. The bride was attended by Miss Ross Pringle in a gown of silk hand-painted organdie over ivory taffeta, and picture hat of Valenciennes lace with tulle ties, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. Two of the bride's nieces acted as flower girls, Misses Eloa and Dorothy Pringle, who wore white Swiss mill dresses, and "Juliet" caps of white satin and pearls, and carried baskets of white asters. The groomsmen was Mr. Frank R. Cronyn, and the ushers were Mr. Huron Cronyn, Dr. Archibald, Mr. F. J. Coombs, and Mr. T. H. Wilson. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaid, flower girls and ushers were pearl wedding bells. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., LL.D. and Mr. T. C. Jeffers presided at the organ. A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's mother, which was beautifully decorated with pink and white asters. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pringle, Captain and Mrs. Sylvester, Captain and Mrs. McGiffen, Mr. and Mrs. John Kent, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Mr. Cyril Ham, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacMurphy, Hon. W. J. and Mrs. Hanna, Hanna; Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Durham; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell, the Misses Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tait, Orlilia; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Brodie, Mrs. Ogilvie Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Buckland, the Misses MacMurphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cosbie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lamont, Dr. Archibald, Mr. Morgan, Jellett, Mr. M. H. Haddon, Winipeg; Mr. Chester, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. MacDougald, Mr. Frank Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. McBurney, London; Mrs. Frank Gallow, the Misses Gallow and others. The happy couple left on the 4:20 train for the West; on their return they will reside in Parkdale.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Davis had a most delightful trip to the West coast and returned to Llwhaden last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox returned recently from a prolonged visit to Manitoba and the West coast, which they enjoyed very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod of Crescent road have gone on a pleasant jaunt through New York State to visit their daughter, Mrs. Whipple of Lockport, Dr. Norman McLeod of Lyon, and Dr. James McLeod of Buffalo.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund Wragge of British Columbia, and Miss Thompson, eldest daughter of Lady Thompson, takes place on Thursday, September 28. A reception at Lady Thompson's home in St. Joseph street, for which a limited number of friends have received invitations, will follow the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn returned from Birch Poin, Lake Rosseau, their Muskoka summer place, on Monday.

Mr. G. S. Gowski returned from Lake Joseph, Muskoka, on Monday. Lady Gowski, General and Mrs. Sandham and Mrs. Turner left for England on Thursday. Lady Gowski will spend the winter with Mrs. Turner at Winchester and with General and Mrs. Sandham at Folkestone.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt returned from New London, Conn., a few days since.

Major and Mrs. Duer are at Mr. T. Blackstock's, where Mrs. Duer's kind and wise care of her invalid brother is so beneficial to him. Mr. Blackstock is happily quite improved this week, I hear.

Mrs. Scales of Wellington place, who has spent the summer in the Adirondacks, is in town, having returned to the Western Hospital, and is doing very well. Mrs. Scales returns to the Adirondacks very soon.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong was in hospital for a week with a sudden attack of severe cold, developing into pneumonia. He was well enough this month to join a party to the Tad-

enac Fishing Club. Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Nesbitt also went up to the Tadencac.

## Through the Eye of a Needle

By KATHERINE REED.

**U**HEN Miss Rosa Barclay got up that morning, she was as happy as Pippa. Not that she had ever heard of Pippa, or was likely to. Also, unlike Pippa, she was not even going to have a holiday; she was just going to work—but it was to be at Miss Judd's boarding-house. You see, she sewed for the boarders, who, although they did not always like one another, did like her. They couldn't help it any more than they could help calling her Rosa. Even the gentlemen did it, those that had been there quite a while—Miss Judd's old stand-bys who had now been rallied so long for matrimonial intentions, when they hadn't any, by both transient and permanent ladies who imagined they had none either (as Shakespeare could say, but nobody else these days)—rallied so long, you notice, that they believed there was nothing in it for them. Especially, they hadn't been given more, salary for some time, and they had a vague, not to say uncomfortable, idea that more would be needed if, well—if it were well, don't you know, meaning, different. That is, if they had to be silent about dressmakers' bills and just pay them, where now they could make complacent or cutting comments whenever a new dress came in to dinner.

Of course they never said anything when Miss Rosa had made the dress. How could they? In the first place, they all knew she never sent a bill. She was just paid by the day, except when some of the boarders postponed by the month. Sometimes, then, Rosa had to apologize to her landlord. This respectable person really liked these encounters, and fostered suspense during the process just to see how anxiety, fear, and trust all shamed at once in her face. Of course he didn't discriminate, and name all that he saw—he just looked at it, anticipating eagerly what would happen next. For, best of all, he liked, at the suitable moment, to bring out her smile of relief—oh, such a relief, with that little dance in her eyes that he had been waiting for!

"I really don't need the money, Miss Rosa. Just take your own time."

It was all worth \$5.50 per minute while it lasted. That was what she paid him per month.

In the second place, these gentlemen at Miss Judd's knew nothing about gowns. Why should they? Gowns were just a part of life, to take for granted, if at all, chiefly at meals, where food was much more important. Also, Miss Rosa was more than her gowns. They felt this quite dimly, to be sure, and if you had said encouragingly that this was the way with all the real artists, they would have stirred in their chairs and looked away from you uneasily, perhaps, in the direction of the bread. They would need something at the moment, that was plain—and certainly the bread would be a much plainer matter to take in than your meaning. So you would allow yourself to be helped to bread, but it would certainly taste of rebuke.

However, Miss Rosa, at this point, would have asked you to pass her the plate, because she preferred crusts. You were so glad that one was still left there for her that you forgot your rebuke. It was the promptness you liked in her voice, especially just at that moment—but you liked also a kind of brightness, an almost-laugh underneath that was really just pure grace of the spirit, if you could have had depth or sense to see it so. Its effect on you was like a morning joy, though she didn't know that, either, any more than you. There was always more of that effect right after she had been trembling in to see the landlord. Each new apology made her tremble, quite irrespective of past reliefs. It was to her as if this time surely Mr. Goodkind would refuse. And when he so astonishingly didn't,

with every reason in the world for so doing, why, she trembled right off into the brightness of the morning star that Dante mentions (only you don't know where—of course not).

There was one person at the table who was a guardian of crusts. But he didn't like them. He said he was crusty enough, but remarked even this infrequently. The first time he had said it was in an appropriate tone of voice, so that Miss Rosa, who was opposite, quickly passed him the pancakes, saying the syrup was next him. She had a quiet surprise in her eyes that he had been hoping for as he pulled his eyebrows together into three straight proofs of his crustiness. He had his own reasons for his hopes when he accepted the cakes.

The syrup was near by, he observed to himself, and went on to the same audience in his silence; it was a distillation from northern snows and sturdy maples; it had spring's own freshness in it and the glows of autumn, a true golden brown, liquid and lovely—

By this time he was pouring the syrup into his saltcellar. And all that while it was only her eyes he was mooning over—Miss Rosa's eyes, which once before told himself matched her hair as if she had done it herself. They were as full now of little shiny glints of fun as her hair was of lights when the western sun accidentally caught her near the window with her seams. But Miss Judd's eyes at this point flashed no fun at all. On the contrary, she had only an instant conviction about another fresh tablecloth, and four in the wash already that week.

"You're worse than crusty. About crazy, I should say!" she burst out at him, surprising him thus into fresh proof of her charges, since he dropped the syrup-cup helplessly altogether.

Then even Miss Judd joined in the laugh. He did himself when Miss Rosa began to mop up the sticky splashes and streams with her napkin, hurrying to say to him under cover of the laugh: "Never mind; it'll all come out in the wash."

This had all happened quite a while ago. In fact, he was the only one who had it by heart. Oh, I forgot to tell you who he was. Why, just Mr. Crampton of Solon Chase & Co., their head bookkeeper. Any other woman at that boarding-house could have told you how he looked—except Miss Rosa, but then she didn't live there. She only came from time to time. Those were the only real times there were—he thought. But nobody knew what he thought—not even he himself for quite a while. Then it all dawned on him; why he kept looking out for those crusts, for instance, and was so unusually prompt at certain meals. He was more hungry at those times, too, or at least stayed longer at the table. Come to think of it, his appetite had fallen off a good deal lately. Miss Judd was the only one who had noticed this. He was an ideal boarder, in his opinion, never giving an earthly scrap of trouble to her or the maids, and always paying his bills in full and on time. Also, he was never sick, and did not prescribe when other people were so. By the other boarders he had long been taken for granted. When they first came, they usually tried to puzzle him out, but more to find out what he thought of them than what he really was on the inside of his mind. As he gave no help in their chief quest with him, each newcomer in turn finally let him lapse into merely a place at the table.

On the particular day Miss Rosa got up so happy, as I said long ago at the beginning, there was going to be a parade downtown. Nearly every one at Miss Judd's had decided to go. That wasn't what made Miss Rosa so happy, however, as she didn't know about it. In fact, I'm not sure if she knew her self why she felt such an attraction in things that day. She just felt so and that was enough.

Mr. Crampton, however, decided at luncheon that he would not go to the parade, nor back to the office either. He telephoned that he was ill. Now that was a lie. He had never felt better in his life, nor more entirely of one mind. Yet he had never told a lie before—at least one that he could remember. His boyhood's complications may have wrenching a few from the native truth of his nature before it was sickled over with paling thoughts of consequences. On the whole, he rather hoped he had lied some hitherto. It would give an air of consistency to his behavior now. "Still, having told this lie with a relief almost like that of a good conscience or a self-denial, he walked straight up to the sewing-room on the second floor. Here Mrs. Underwood's new gown was at that moment puckering Miss Rosa's mouth to match its own amazing puckers.

He knocked at the door with a decision that almost made Miss Rosa swallow a pin. But when she said "Come" in the pin-blurred voice, and saw who it was, she not only felt but looked unexpectedly helpless. She did not even say anything. She just sat there. He stood there. Then he said, gently:

"Please take that pin out of your mouth."

She obeyed without its seeming an obedience. It was not a significant matter, apparently. She merely took out the pin and laid it down in the tray. Then she returned her eyes to his. He did not remember their color at that moment. So he walked over toward her, and sat down near by.

"Miss Rosa," he began, "were you ever in love?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a shade of strange tremor in the promptness of her voice. "I've been in love all my life."

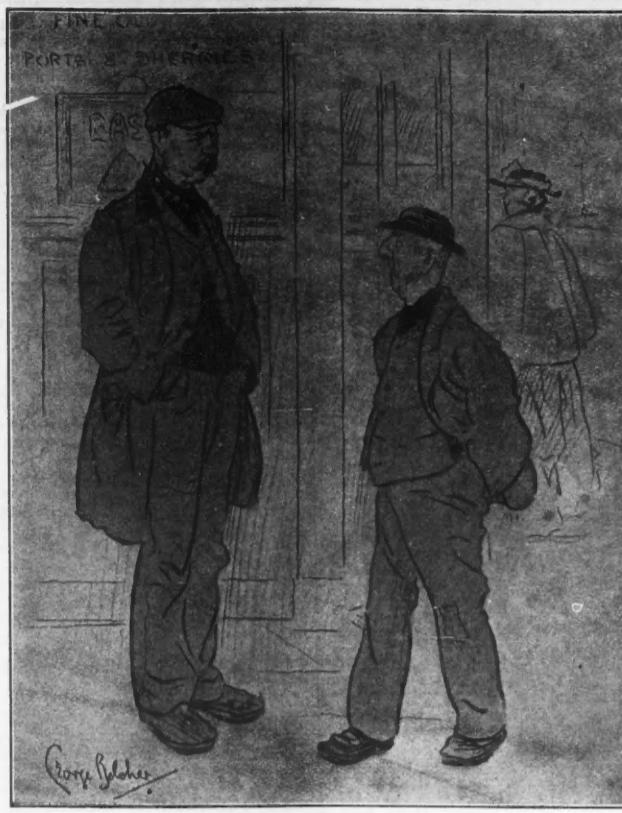
"With any particular person?"

She did not answer him; she began to tremble. He saw this in her lips, her work-worn hands, the little quickening of her breath. So he helped her out by saying, still more gently:

"I love somebody. It is the first time I am thirty-four years old."

"Why did you never love before?"

"How could you live without it?" she



"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

"Ver know Bill Stubbs wot's in thenavy? Well, 'e's gone an' got drowned in the Sewage Canal."

suddenly burst out at him.

Now he did not say anything. They both at that moment heard the stillness of the house. It was clearly her turn to help him out, but all she could do was to pick up the waist and begin to sew. Finally she laid it down—she looked up at him and then down again, for now his voice was saying what his eyes had been telling all along, only she couldn't seem to take it in before. The afternoon light had begun to lengthen and rest upon her hair.

She soon began to answer him—by questions chiefly. There seemed no other way; so that he could go on and say more, you see.

"Do you think I'd be a good fit into your life? I am so—so—why, not anything, I guess. I never had time to notice. Besides, you never sent any flowers—or—or candy. That's what those brides I sewed for always had. Isn't that one of the ways you can tell beforehand? They used to talk about that a good deal."

"But I didn't know where you lived."

"Why, at Green Apple Court, third flight up, at the back."

"I never heard of that place before. It sounds nice."

"The old gardener, who is crippled now, and lives down under me, says it was named like the places called The Elms, 'cause there weren't any elms, or else maybe it was poplars. Our apples are just stones and bricks, if that's what he meant."

"I wish I had been there. Why didn't you ask me?"

"Oh, should I? But how could I at the table, you see? I would have had to ask the others too, and I have only one room. It wouldn't hold so many. And even then—why, you couldn't have come in by yourself—you would have had to have a chaperon. All those young ladies I sewed for did—until they decided to change into brides. At first, when I heard them speak of it, I asked them what it was—a new kind of trimming? They said, oh, no, that it was just a protection for the gentleman. But I could have asked Jimmy Sanders up, if that would have done any good."

"I should like to see him. Perhaps I can yet—if you will only decide about that good fit."

"Oh, yes, into your life." Here Miss Rosa became divinely serious. Then she said doubtfully, "Well, there's

something else. I am too poor, you see."

"No, you're not. I only wish I were half so rich. But I'd be too rich for Wall Street if I had you."

"You don't believe I'm poor? Now, I'll show you. I just get a dollar a day."

There was an instant's triumph in her tone, which quickly passed. Her cheeks began to burn. Her eyes fell once more, but she hurried on, almost breathless in the humility of confession and the joy of relief.

"Besides, I owe money. I do things that ought not—helping people is part of it. I've bought red flannel and medicine for Jimmy's grandmother—things like that, when I really couldn't afford it—I kept hoping I could earn more. And then once I took Jimmy to see a grand play—he goes to bad ones 'cause they're cheap—and I heard my ladies say that boys ought to see good ones, so we went. It was *Julius Caesar*. He told the boys all about it, and they still act it out on the streets at night. He hasn't been to another play since. But I had to work so hard to pay for it. Then, you see, I was sick. That cost most of all, because there wasn't any money ahead then. I couldn't buy any new clothes, and if I could, there wouldn't be time to make them. At night I'm too tired, or else I read to the blind lady. I couldn't possibly get that money paid up till summer. And my weeks are all promised till May. My ladies want to begin on the children's summer clothes. So, you see, it's impossible. I'm too poor; I owe money—and I haven't any time to marry you."

Here Miss Rosa began to cry.

Now, Crampton had never seen her cry before. It had never occurred to him that she could. Why, she had always seemed only brightness, joyousness itself. You know, he had never seen her with her shabby little account-book, or those nights before she got up courage to go to the landlord. No more could he have imagined those other times when she used to look up at the small piece of sky out of her window instead of going to sleep, and ask God why she wasn't like other people—those ladies she sewed for, or those brides, for instance—and why she always had to be in other people's lives and outside of her own—just like that chiffon over the silk. But then the chiffon really got to things, and she didn't. Besides, chiffon cost a good deal—a dollar a yard—and she was only worth a dollar a day.

It all came back to her—those nights—while she cried there before her, her only lover. The memories only added anguish to her tears. Here he was at last whom she had hardly dared dream of, much less hope for. But she was not to have him—it was too much riches and she was poor. Why, it was terrible, he couldn't be true at all; God wouldn't, couldn't leave her so.

Of course he couldn't. That is what he meant by having that tall, dark man there at that moment—a kind of temporary proxy, you see, if you are religious enough. (If you aren't, you wouldn't see anyway, no matter what I said.) So the large, dark man just picked up the hand with the thimble on it, all cracked from stitches and caloused from seams, and put it carefully around his neck. Then he lifted up her head and laid it on his shoulder, where it was quite convenient to wipe off all the tears. The rest of it is not for you or for me, though the boarders thought it was for them when they came home.

She told them right away. For one thing, she had to make an apology to the lady because the waist wasn't done. It was right there, where it fell three hours ago when things began to happen. But she didn't tremble this time over the apology. It was quite a fierce little one—almost as if she had said, "Finish your old waist yourself!"—just like Biddy or Mary Ann who depart on wash-day having got the clothes into soot.

Then the boarders all laughed, more than over the upset syrup-cup. Miss Judd came in to see, and the unoffending and forgiving lady who owned the waist laughed most of all, and put her arms around Miss Rosa, who began to cry again from astonishment at being the center of attraction, like a baby or the North Pole.

They all ate a very hearty supper that



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"Nothing Better."

night, so that Miss Judd threatened to raise the price of their board. The dark man said all right for her, she could raise his all she wanted to—he was going to change his boarding-house anyway.

But just then he caught a dismayed look in Rosa's eyes and stopped short. So did the rest of them.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said, right away. "I couldn't cook; I could never learn. I can just sew. And perhaps, then, I ought to marry you."

She went on, or went back, I should say, to that afternoon state of mind when she was too this or too that. Surely now she had found the Everlasting No; so long as a man must eat, why, his wife must know how to cook. And she had always enjoyed seeing him eat so. That was really the only place she had seen him—at meals.

Well, those boarders began to laugh again, and might have been laughing still if Miss Judd hadn't said briskly: "Come, now, let's plan about the wedding. It'll have to be here, of course."

So they became serious at once, but in order to keep so they sent off the little dressmaker as quickly as if she were a cook discharged for stealing or other equivalent impudence. Crampton went along—as chaperon—until they could meet Jimmy and persuade him to undertake the position.

At the office next day the head book-keeper asked for his summer vacation. "Right away?" said his chief. "It's just January now—a little cool for picnics," consulting his thermometer, which replied nothing—being at zero.

"Yes," replied Crampton promptly, like Rosa in asking for the crusts. "Next week I'm going to be married."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the head of the firm, and then wheeled suddenly round to look out of the window, where chimneys giving out soft clouds of sootness rebuked the smoke ordinance on every hand. When he turned back, the quietly waiting Crampton thought his stern, rugged face positively handsome as he raised his clerk's salary on the spot and asked to come to the wedding. How much was the raise? Never mind; you shouldn't know till you can make out as good a case for yourself.

The wedding day was bright and clear. The head of the firm came in his automobile, but the bride insisted on walking over with Jimmy as single guard. Jimmy had never had so much fun in his whole life before as in those past seven days. He had no time even to fight; there was too much treating of cromes on hand, too much between the chaperonage of Miss Rosa. Green Apple Court was awestruck at his eminence.

The boarders had never been so fond of each other. They had paid for the chiffon dress which they all said Miss Rosa must have just this once, despite her flight and exclamations. Every one had given or made something for her to wear or take away. Crampton they hardly spoke to, much less remembered—between meals. It was all Miss Rosa. Miss Judd was an amazement of efficiency; also, having found a place near by for them to room, she insisted on their coming back to board a while at first till she could teach Miss Rosa how to cook. She made every arrangement for the day itself in her most expert manner—all but one—who should give the bride away. So, when the minister came to that part of the perfect service there was a silence, till Miss Judd, with an unexpected quaver and even a crack in her habitually commanding voice, gave the expected response.

It was all over quite too soon, all for the better, none for the worse, for health they hoped, for poverty they knew, and the chief sent them off to the train in his automobile.

#### How the Sultan Goes to Pray.

**W**HEN the troops are placed the cortège begins. Four carriages advance at a walk—closed carriages and with blinds half down. It is the harem, guarded by black eunuchs wearing long topcoats.

Then, on foot, in two lines, at regular intervals, the high dignitaries of the court, the Ministers, Generals, Governors, all in gorgeous uniforms covered with gold braid and orders. During the whole ceremony there is a continuous going back and forth of servants with valises, containing changes of regalia needed as the ceremony proceeds.

The horses appear led by hand. They are mounted by two young men—the Sultan's sons.

A child not over eight or nine years old, in full uniform, with decorations on his breast and a sword by his side which seems to give him great trouble, walks to the door of the mosque and there remains standing. A dozen young officers, the oldest not over 12, follow him and take place about him. These are the Sultan's grandson and his military suite.

Twenty-three. The officers charged with the surveillance of the terrace order the closing of all parasols and sunshades. The imperial carriage appears, advancing at a walk, driven by a magnificent coachman (kavass) in a light blue costume most elaborately embroidered in gold.

On its appearance it is saluted by a cold, mechanical hurrah given by the troops, who present arms. The Sultan is alone on the back seat with the Minister of War facing him—all about the carriage is the Albanian guard, on foot, in several rows and as close together as walking will allow.

The Sultan is simply dressed and wears the fez. With his right hand, he responds to salutes. His downcast eyes are raised for an instant toward the terrace. He seems ill at ease and anxious to be through with the ceremony.

He does not resemble published portraits of him. He is much better looking; less old, less fatigued, less knavish, much more energetic. Moreover, how could his portraits be faithful? Who has ever been able to photograph him?

Cameras are forbidden in Turkey. The religious law forbids the worship of images and considers the reproduction of the features of an individual as a beginning of idolatry.

Received by his grandson as he alights



PRECIPITATE.

*Spinster* (at the moment of the collision)—Oh, sir, this is so sudden.

#### MODERN INSTANCES.

The King of Italy has recently had plans submitted to him for the raising of the ancient Roman ships which are to be seen at the bottom of the Lake of Verna near Albano. Several bronze utensils and ornaments belonging to the ships have been recovered and are now in the local museums, and it is thought that many interesting specimens of ancient art are still contained in the vessels in which the unhappy Caligula sailed on the lake nearly 2000 years ago.

A half-hour passes. The troops begin to leave, passing by the mosque's door and on to their quarters. The prayer is ended.

A carriage drawn by two admirable gray horses draws up before the mosque. The kavass who brings this equipage leads it on foot and is dressed in red and gold.

The formalities are most minutely arranged. The Sultan, who arrives in a landau, must leave in a "daumont" which he drives himself. The harness is gilded, the wheels are gilded, the axles are gilded, the body of the carriage is gilded—everything and everybody of the carriage has more or less gilt, save the Sultans.

The avenue is now almost deserted, all the troops have gone. They were there not for his protection? The truth is that as the religious law requires that the people, or at least some of them, shall witness the ceremony, Abdul Hamid II, complies with it in a way he deems safe. His soldiers are part of his people and represent the others.

As soon as he has taken his place in the carriage the top is raised—it is simply because the sun is so hot?

and the carriage returns to Yildiz-Kiosk, surrounded by the Albanians, who seem to be pushing and pulling it, so close are they.

The carriages of the harem follow; the noble ladies have not moved, nor has even a curtain. The horses, more fortunate, have been unthatched. In spite of the luxury of the ceremony, the chief feature of it is the *ennui* and evident disquiet.

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The carriages of the harem follow; the noble ladies have not moved, nor has even a curtain. The horses, more fortunate, have been unthatched. In spite of the luxury of the ceremony, the chief feature of it is the *ennui* and evident disquiet.

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The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reserves the right to refuse to receive the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six times of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be sent in the order received, unless in unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for help. 3. Quotations from books and periodicals are not desired. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

MARGARET K.—It is quite impossible to reply in next issue, and as a matter of fact I have just opened your letter. Your writing shows imagination, good sequence of thought, clearness and facility of expression, some hope and a generally gracious and cheerful disposition. You hold tenaciously to rights, ideas and beliefs, are careful of detail, capable of good concentration, sometimes easily affected by moods, and open to influences. The writing of a woman who will never succeed in being stupid or uninteresting.

H. L. B. BRANDON—Will send delineation ordered, by post, and trust it may be received.

PHAROS—This study is remarkable for ambition and a certain determination to achieve. Writer has energy and snap, honesty, care for detail, variable impulse and purpose sometimes erratic; generally discretion is strong, but writer sometimes does heedless things. Expression is clear and logical, perception bright, and though the subtler graces would be perhaps better for development the general impression is worthy and capable.

ANALYSIS—Determination, adaptability, clear but hasty thought, practical effort, caution and some reserve in dealing with others, frankness, courage, independence of influence, a firm purpose, in short, a person apt to know beyond all what she wants and how to secure it. The character is not fully developed, but will, or should, make a rare completion if carefully trained, and above all, sweetened with loving sympathy and patience. It seems just a trifle curt and hard at present.

SIWASH—The nature is very material but full of interest and a certain crude power which may become a force in affairs. Writer has a mind and knows how to apply it, even big affairs not being likely to confuse it. All the impulses are broad and generous and the heart liable to respond to emotional influences, the capacity for affection, love of comfort, and tendency to hold what he has, being primitive traits strongly marked. Writer may not be a precise mathematician, but is a very forceful, wholesome and natural human being. If a woman, may be a writer and an original one. If a man, will probably do things instead of fancy them. In any event should either do or be something strong to justify this chirography.

SUMMER—"Born in February" is not definite enough. I wish the exact day. Judging by the happy-go-lucky careless way you don't dot your "i's" and the way you drop "h's" where you should use 'em, you may easily be an extra indifferent Aquarius child, but this isn't a guessing column. The writing is open to influences, very sentimental but not original, apt to run an idea threadbare from over-use. In the whole eight lines there isn't a "t" crossed nor an "i" dotted. The "a's" and "o's" all gape wide, and the general tenor of your way is unfinished and somewhat weak. There is a suggestion of latent force, which only needs a sudden call to waken, but as you write it now, your character is in the nature of a leanto.

TENEDOS—It is a clever, bright, pleasant and not too forcible specimen of womanhood. The rules you make for graphological studies are certainly sensible. To write fifty words naturally is enough, with some sort of signature. You are loquacious, bright and interesting, with good sequence of ideas, frank and undiplomatic methods, and at the same time discretion enough to be safe. There is also some originality and much desire to please. Except *Becky Sharp* I knew nothing of Thackeray until this summer, when on a long sea voyage I got quite intimate with *Arthur Pendennis*. I much enjoyed him. Think well of yourself. I don't fear that you will need the Pauline exhortation. You are too observant for that.

ANXIETY—There is no charge. The column is open for the readers of their paper, and though they must wait their turn they all get their due at last. Your writing shows over-desire for approbation and a little too much pose, otherwise it's a fair specimen. August 18 brings you under Leo, fire sign, sometimes exacting, unsatisfied, envious and generally given to complaint. August women should cultivate generous, patient and unselfish tone of mind, never give way to suspicion, over-sensitivity, or malicious act or thought. It is a powerful sign for good, and also can be very mischievous in evil unless firmly disciplined. You have some excellent traits, and show little of the Leo faults above stated. Trustworthy, discreet and good-tempered, very frank and honest you seem to be.

MARJORIE—This is a refined, feminine and somewhat exacting study; writer expects a good deal of friends and is self-asserting and decided in her judgments. The mind is not clear nor the sequence of ideas good. The purpose is practical and constant, the lack of inspiration is marked. Writer is methodical and careful, business-like and sometimes a trifle pessimistic, the touch of buoyancy being lacking. May 15 brings her under Taurus, earth sign, strong, patient, material and too much governed by outer seeming.

JUNG BUG—September 3, Virgo, earth sign. Your writing is strongly individual and forceful, showing good, clear thought, open and courageous nature, discreet and trusty character, with



Young Blood—Ought to have killed Joe!—Yes, sir, you ought. But the *Sketch*.

something that time, Joe! Colonel 'e do dodge uncommon smart.

Curious Profits of Authorship.

"MILTON received \$25 down for his immortal *Paradise Lost*," said one of our leading authors the other day, "and to-day the very manuscript of it is considered worth \$25,000. How many of our modern manuscripts which are worth \$25,000 to-day will, I wonder, be worth a five-pound note a century hence?"

If any one is curious to see under what different conditions the writers of the past and present worked he should glance at the list of prices in past centuries for works that have become immortal.

According to Oly's, *Hamlet* fetched not a penny more than *Paradise Lost*—\$25 is the exact figure he gives—and yet 5000 times this price would not be considered dear for the original manuscript of it. Dryden considered himself in luck when Jacob Tonson agreed to pay him sixpence a line for 10,000 verses; and to make up the number the poet "threw in" the famous *Ode to Music* and his *Epistle to His Cousin*. It is said that \$200 was all that Gray ever received for all his poems, and his *Elegy* he actually gave away to a publisher, who cleared \$5000 by its publication.

Goldsmith thought himself "passing rich" when he pocketed \$300 in exchange for his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which has put so many thousands of pounds into other people's pockets since his day; and \$100 was every penny he got for *The Traveler*, a price which could not have paid him many pence an hour for the work he lavished on it.

Johnson sold for \$1000 his *Lives of the Poets*, the monumental work which brought \$25,000 clear profit to its publishers within a quarter of a century; and the \$500 he received for his *Rasselas* proved little more than sufficient to bury his mother, the object for which he wrote it. Fielding was more fortunate, for Tom Jones rewarded him with \$3500 and Amelia brought him \$5000 "as dower."

With the closing years of the eighteenth century a golden era dawned for authors, and some of the prices they received for their works could scarcely be improved on to-day. Hayley was by no means a literary giant, but it is said that his *Life of Couper* brought him \$5000; Southerly only received \$5000 for his biography of the same poet. For a single novel Scott was paid no less than \$50,000; in twenty laborious months he is credited with having earned money at the rate of \$250 a day. A round dozen of his works produced \$500,000, and his life's labor with the pen yielded an average income of \$50,000 a year for the whole of his writing days.

Bryon's comparatively short writing career put just under \$100,000 into his purse—an average of about \$5000 a year. There is no doubt, however, that if he had wished he might have increased this sum very materially. On one occasion, it will be remembered, when Murray, the publisher, sent him

Their Relations.

Stella was a chorus-girl, Ella was another; Stella had a "cousin" rich, Ella had a "brother."

Stella had a lot of rings, And brooches by the dozen; Her salary was very small— But then she had her "cousin."

Ella she had still more jewels, Her person they did smother; She had a horse and carriage, and She also had a "brother."

"Price's" Original Pasteurized Milk and Cream.



Produced From the Best Farms

a cheque for \$5000 in payment for two poems, Lord Byron promptly returned it, declining to receive a penny for his work. Moore was paid \$15,000 for *Lalla Rookh*, a payment at the rate of about \$2 a line, or twenty times Dryden's remuneration. And yet all that Thomas Campbell could get for his *Pleasures of Hope* was \$300. No wonder that he was bitter, or that he once toasted Napoleon because, forsooth, he had ordered a bookseller to be shot.

Lord Macaulay received a single cheque for \$100,000 as his share of the profits of his *History of England*; Gibbon is said to have cleared \$50,000 by his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; while Hume received \$3500, relatively a modest sum, for each volume of his history. Charles Dickens was able to leave behind him \$500,000 of the profits made by his pen, half of which amount he received during the last five years of his life; Bulwer Lytton's books brought their author \$400,000, a smaller sum than one would be inclined to credit him with; and Thackeray's novels produced about the same sum.

Anthony Trollope worked very hard for the \$35,000 his novels are said to have yielded in twenty years. It is instructive to learn that he began his writing career with an income of \$5 a month and closed it with \$20,000 a year. His novel, *La Vendee*, published in 1850, was sold outright for \$100; a dozen years later he was receiving well over \$15,000 for a story. Lord Tennyson was able to refuse \$25,000 a year for the exclusive right of publishing his poems.

An Easy Choice.

This story is told about President Roosevelt and an aged darky called Uncle Jake. The old colored man was very religious, and was considered a pillar of the church he attended.

The President, while out driving one cold morning, met Uncle Jake, crippled with rheumatism, hobbling along.

"Good morning, Uncle Jake," said the President.

"Good morning, sah," responded the darky.

Then a happy thought struck Mr. Roosevelt. "Uncle Jake," he said, "which would you rather have this cold morning, a ton of coal or a bottle of whiskey?"

"Well," said the darky, hesitatingly, "it's this way, Mistah President, you see, mas folks burn wood."

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PROBABLY NOT.

He—So you have given up searching for your ideal?

She—Yes. I have come to the conclusion that there is no impossible man outside the realms of fiction.

Fares, Please.

An interesting dialogue between a woman and a railway conductor, in which the woman got the best of it, is reported by the Philadelphia *Press*.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat and the car's crowded. There are people standing."

"I can't help that."

"I haven't time to argue this matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet."

"You've got to begin doing it some time."

"Not this trip, any way."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"All right; put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before."

A Fair Deal.

A Southern Congressman tells a story of an old negro in Alabama who, in his bargaining, is always afraid that he may get "the worst of it." On one occasion, it appears, this aged darky went after a calf that he had pastured all summer, and asked what he owed for the pasturing.

"I have a bill of \$10 against you," said the farmer who had undertaken the care of the animal, "but, if you are willing, I'll take the calf and call it settled."

"No, sah!" promptly exclaimed the negro. "I'll do nothing like dat," he added, after a pause, "I'll tell you what I will do—you keep the calf two weeks longer and you can have it."

Saved!

He had just got outside the station when his face turned ashen grey, and with a choking sound in his throat he clutched at his inside pocket, and darted back through the archway, overturning a perambulator full of babies, and knocking down a newsboy.

"Stop! Stop that train! Stop that train for the sake of all that dear!" he shrieked as he ran down the platform, waving a small parcel in despairing appeal to the guard.



Corticelli Wash  
Silks

Patent holders  
keep each shade sep-  
arate and automatic-  
ally measure the  
correct needle full.

BEST FOR  
LITTLE FOLKS  
INFANTS  
DELIGHT SOAP

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.  
PERFUMERS & SOAP MAKERS.  
TORONTO.

Others took up the cry, and with a grinding of wheels and a snort of steam the train stopped, and began slowly to back into the station. The man thereupon dashed to a third-class compartment, and handed the parcel to a severely-looking lady inside. When the train had steamed out once more he blurted out, by way of explanation to the enraged station-master:

"It was Maria's curling-tongs. If I had forgotten 'em my life wouldn't have been worth living."

His Reason.

One of the witnesses called in a Chicago divorce case last year was a highly respected clergyman in the Windy City. According to one of the counsel in the case the following conversation took place between the judge and the minister. Said his Honor:

"Dr. Blank, if you were on the bench in my stead, and were acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?"

"Assuredly I would, your Honor," replied the clergyman, without the least hesitation.

"But," said the judge, "how do you reconcile this assertion with the injunction of Scripture, 'Whom God hath

joined let no man put asunder'?"

"Your Honor," responded the minister, with convincing gravity, "I am quite satisfied that the Almighty never joined this couple."

Paddy at Niagara.

I never hear an American boasting of his country's greatness without thinking of the Irishman at the Falls of Niagara. "There!" cried Jonathan to a newly-arrived Paddy as he waved his hand in the direction of the Horseshoe Falls. "There! Now, isn't that wonderful?"

"Wonderful?" replied Paddy. "What's wonderful?"

"Why, to see all that water come thundering over those rocks."

"Faix, then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "I can't see anything very wonderful in it at all, at all. Why, what the devil is there to hinder it from coming over?"

American Wife (off to Paris)—Well, I've sent our house plants to a florist, our cat to a cat's home, our dog to a canine boarding-house, and our bird to the birds' lodging-house, so that they will all be well taken care of during my absence. But what in the world am I to do with the baby?"



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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## The Drama

THE blue Monday that followed Exhibition week was agreeably lightened by the vagaries of *San Toy*, which was greeted by an appreciative crowd at the Grand Opera House. This musical comedy has been produced in Toronto more artistically before now, but the wit of *Li* as exploited by Mr. George E. Mack was bright enough to make one forget such afflictions as the orchestra and the lack of fresh air. The coloring of the decorations is pleasing and restful, and even the sage-green gargoyle on the boxes seemed to grin sympathetically at the travelled Chinaman in baggy garments who frisked and capered and talked pidgin English in most captivating fashion. As a mimic he is in the front rank, and his local hits were swift and telling. There was but one reference to Hamilton, and it looks as if this chestnut were to be finally roasted. The plot of *San Toy*, like that of other compositions of the class, does not exist. The performance consists of pretty girls, a few good choruses and the *bons mots* of *Li*. The jiggly music is rather above such productions as *The Wizard of Oz* and *The Isle of Spice*, but *Rhoda and her Pagoda* is the only number that has the catching lift of *The Good Old Days* or *The Rajah of Bhong*. Miss Florence Smith as *San Toy* was as dainty a little maiden as ever won the heart of sailor or emperor, and sang with a sweetness rather surprising after the shrillness of the average musical comedienne. Miss Mabel Strickland took the part of *Poppy*, the daughter of the British Consul, *Sir Bingo Preston*, in a rather wooden fashion. *Dudley*, *Poppy's* maid, was played with vivacity by Miss Viola Kellogg, who was gracefully perched throughout her wooing by the festive *Li*. Mr. Harry Burcher as *Captain Bobby Preston* was a desirable lover for *San Toy*, although his accent seemed not exactly of the British Isles. Mr. Edward Begley, in the part of the obese old mandarin, *Yen How*, was to the manner born, and his sextette of pretty wives were as gay a group as ever made a happy little Eastern household. Mr. James Hughes, as *Lieutenant Harvey Tucker*, was so martial in air that we suspect he is related to our own James L. Mr. W. L. Romaine played the ungrateful part of the Emperor, who was made an unnecessarily disgusting old chap. The song *Tommy Atkins* was dragged in by the hair in the second act and made a clamorous appeal to the gallery. A verse about Johnny Canuck brought wild applause, but the final stanza showed a business-like regard for Uncle Sam's good silver dollars in its reference to "America" and England hand in hand. How we love each other when there's any chance of making money by the sentiment! When a patriotic song enters naturally into the comedy as in *The Runaway Girl* there is no complaint to be made, and we may rejoice legitimately in the doings of the Soldiers of the King. But when an artful trick is resorted to in order to stir patriotic applause there is a cheapness about the affair that always accompanies such clumsiness. We are proud of the Empire and of Johnny Canuck's doings in South Africa, and we have no doubt of his courage and resource, but we have no desire to emulate our neighbors to the south, who dragged out "our war with Spain" in the magazines and on the stage until sensible people wished that Dewey and Hobson had gone up with the *Maine*.

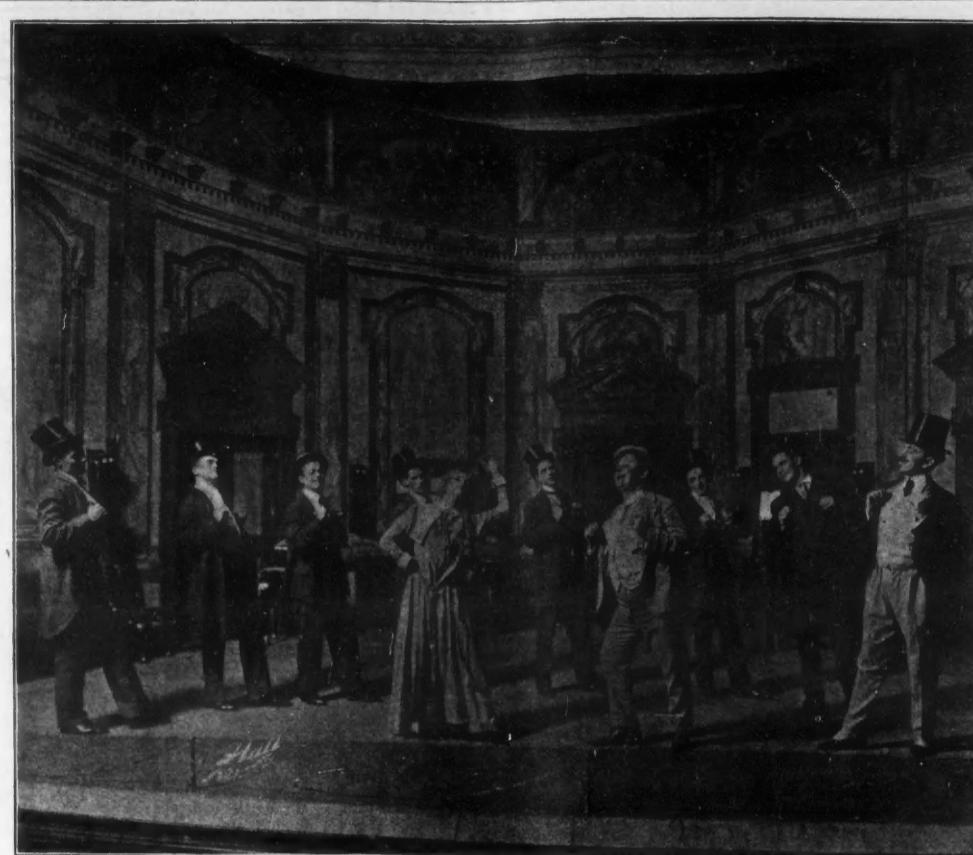
J. G.

The performance at She's this week is very considerably above the average, and people have been turned away nightly at this popular resort. The trunk of the noted Agust Family of five members is very clever. Three of the number, including two ladies, enter a Parisian restaurant as guests, while the other two act as hilarious attendants. They juggle with everything from the oranges to the furniture, and from start to finish the performance is dazzling. Mitchell and Cain, with funny dialogue and catchy songs, are genuinely amusing, and Paul Barnes in monologue and story supplies one of the best and most laughable features of an excellent programme. The Hengler Sisters, dainty and petite, delight the audience with their unique dances. They also sing with considerable effect. Trim little Lotta Gladstone, the Girl with the Laugh, is as heartily received as ever, though her fun might perhaps be a trifle more spontaneous. The sketch by Frederic Bond & Co., *My Awful Dad*, in which the youthful, irrational but likable father has sport with his painfully proper son, is very well given and proves extremely popular. These features, with Brazil and Brazil, gymnasts, and the Kinetograph, complete the bill.

Coming direct from its triumphs in London and New York City, the latest Leslie Stuart comic opera, *The School Girl*, will begin a week's engagement at the Princess Theater next Monday night. The cultured audiences of the English capital and the American metropolis were more than pleased with *The School Girl*, and in each city record runs were established. There are three picturesque scenes in the production, and the claim is made that there is not a dull moment in any of them. The story is that of a convent girl who runs away to Paris to find the artist sweetheart of her chum. She is mistaken for a newly-engaged typist in the office of a rascally stock broker; she, however, upsets his swindling operations, brings about a happy marriage of her chum, and incidentally works up a pretty love affair of her own. The role is especially adapted to pretty Miss Carrie Reynolds, who in her convent school dress in the first scene is demurely charming, and in her creation of laces and ribbons in the bal-ro'm scene is still more fascinating. The comedy of the production is well taken care of by Messrs. Arthur Woolley, Robert Whyte, Jr., and Barry Maxwell. This trio sing a song entitled *I Want to be Simpler*, which has proven one of the most irresistibly funny situations ever presented. Throughout the production the same care and attention to details that characterized the London and New York presentations will be observed, and the Princess patrons will witness one of the most pleasing entertainments of the season. The sale of seats began Thursday.

Miss Maud Proctor, sister of Catherine Proctor of Toronto, has been engaged for *The Roscians* comic opera company.

"Was Binks arrested for running off with Jinks's wife?" "No, his family proved that he was a kleptomaniac."

Miss Carrie Reynolds and male chorus in *The School Girl* at the Princess Theater next week.

## On Philistinism.

**P**HILISTINISM is a very interesting study, as many Toronto people may have discovered while rustinating during the past two months. A country hotel, for instance, is a good point of observation. Of course it is well not to be too fastidious while enjoying the hospitality of some country hotels. The wise tourist will not seek comfort in resignation and—thinking of the occasional fly in the milk—head off his *Notes on My Vacation* with "To the pure all things are pure." He will be philosophical and write on the fly-leaf of his diary, "To the interested all things are interesting." There are unlimited opportunities for amusing speculation in watching those who come and go. By observing the habits of people who visit the dining-room of a country hotel one can cultivate very fine powers of discrimination. For example, it is interesting to speculate as to whether the man wearing the rubber collar and the over-confident air will juggle his food into his mouth with his knife or not. Of course this would seem to be a foregone conclusion, but he may not do it at all. He may merely devour his "wittles" with a remarkable left-handed frenzy. Or he may have a constitutional weakness for upsetting his tea over the cloth in your neighborhood and then maintaining such a wooden, inscrutable cast of countenance when the waiter reappears that you flush painfully and leave the table without finishing your dessert. But while people of this interesting type exhibit many individual eccentricities they are, after all, very much alike. A man may persist in talking to you in a very loud voice when you have done nothing to deserve his attention. Another may not deign to give any reply whatever to your politest query. Yet, depending upon it, they each regard the amenities of life with the same contempt. The man who is rich and the man who is poor can meet on common ground in classing what are termed good taste and the finer feelings as mere pose and pretense. This is true the world over.

The point to be noted as a result of these observations is that the disciples of culture cannot claim a monopoly of cosmopolitanism. The Philistines seem to be equally consistent in the essentials of their creed wherever man is found. H. W. J.

## To Thine Own Self.

**M**Y DEAR, you are too reserved and blunt." Buddway looked at his wife soberly. "What do you mean?" he said. "I'm myself." "That's the trouble, you are too much so. You don't put yourself out enough for others. You are too cold. It is hurting you. Look at Mr. Caperton—how popular he is." "Nonsense. My friends understand me. They know that I am not a palaver. I have as many friends as he." "That's all right, but you will find that it would make a great difference if you would only use a little more politeness. Flatter people a little. Try to be nice to them. They like it." Buddway reflected. "Do you really think there is anything in it?" he asked. "I don't think. I know. Do me a favor. Just try it and see." "Well—perhaps I will." Buddway started out. Maybe, after all, his wife was right. He didn't gush enough. He thought about his friend Caperton. Caperton certainly knew how to do that sort of thing. Buddway envied him. "I'll do it," he muttered to himself. "I can and I will!" Suddenly he looked up and saw Stinson ahead of him.

Stinson was a business acquaintance. He was about to pass with a slight nod of recognition, when Buddway grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Dighted!" he cried. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. How's the wife—and family—and self? How well you are looking. But you always were handsome."

"Glad you think so," he half stammered, and, excusing himself abruptly, hurried on.

Buddway entered his office.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones" he said to his chief clerk, cordially, with a bright smile. "How are you this morning? Always up bright and early. Don't overwork yourself. We must give you a little rest."

Jones caught his breath and opened his eyes in wonder. Buddway usually came in silently, walked to his desk, opened his mail, and gave his instructions in as many monosyllables as possible.

Jones escaped with the news as soon as he could and spread it around the office.

"The old man must have gone crazy," he whispered. "He fell all over himself. Been working too hard, I guess."

At eleven o'clock it became necessary to visit the bank. Buddway, after some delay, entered the office of the president. That individual looked up, and seeing who it was, nodded briefly. Buddway, however, wasn't going to permit anything like that. Grasping the staid old gentleman firmly by the hand, he leaned over him with a large and expansive smile:

"My dear Mr. Burnside, how are you this fine day? Delighted to find you in. Do you know you grow younger every day. I should hate to put on the gloves with you."

The bank president looked him over suspiciously.

"I'm pretty well," he said dryly. "What can I do for you?"

Buddway explained in honeyed accents that he wanted an extension of a note. Burnside told him he would let him know later. After he had gone, the venerable bank president called in the loan clerk.

"Buddway wants an extension of that note, but notify him at once that he can't have it."

"Very well, sir, but—"

"Well?"

"He's a good customer. He is all right. Plenty of collateral."

The bank president smiled grimly.

"I know it," he said. "I've always liked that chap. Honest and straightforward—no frills. But he came in here this morning and fell all over me. Must be something wrong. Better call that loan at once. He's too d—d polite."

When Buddway came home that evening his wife met him at the door. She looked at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Certainly, why not? Why shouldn't I be?"

"Why, I just got a telephone message from Mrs. Stinson. She said her husband had met you to-day, and you didn't seem well."

"Didn't seem well! Ha, ha! His little joke; always trying to make it pleasant for his friends. Ah, my dear, how charming you are looking. More beautiful than ever."

Mrs. Buddway started back. Never before had she heard him talk like this. But she easily refrained from saying anything. After all, it was her suggestion.

The dinner was eaten with a running fire of compliment and flattery by Buddway. His poor wife at the unnatural position she had been found, felt the strain keenly.

Finally, just as Buddway with a melodramatic wave of his arms had asked her if she had the slightest objection to his smoking, the bell rang.

Mr. Caperton was announced.



NEEDED THEM IN HIS BUSINESS.

Miss Gotro—Nearly all my admirers think I should be able to get tips from you on the market. Gotro—Encourage them in that belief, my dear. It won't be long before I'll be ready to unload the stock I'm carrying.

Buddway sprang forward to meet him. Mrs. Buddway escaped.

"My dear boy, delighted!" exclaimed Buddway. "How good of you to drop in. Just the man I wanted to see. How well you are looking, you handsome dog!"

Caperton drew back in astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Old man, what's gotten into you? What is it? Any trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, no. What can you mean? Don't you like my manners?"

Caperton held him at arm's length.

"No," he said at last. "I don't. Where did you get them from?"

"From you. Wife put me on. Told me you were the most polite man she knew and I was the most taciturn. Advised me to turn over a new leaf, and I've done it."

Caperton's face grew solemn.

"You've done it all right," he said. "That's what I called to see you about. Met Stinson—he said he knew you must be concealing some trouble. Saw old Burnside at the bank and he asked me if you'd met with reverses. Hello, what's that?"

Buddway listened intently. A chair was working violently overhead as if some one was in distress. He sprang up the stairs. His wife was rocking back and forth—in tears.

"Who's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Don't! Don't! Please don't," she sobbed. "Never try to be polite again. Just be yourself. You were right. Oh, it was awful!"

Buddway put his arms around her sturdily.

"N'er again!" he exclaimed. "Come, come, stop crying, I must go back."

He left her and rejoined his friend.

"Caperton," he said solemnly, "for heaven's sake, what's the matter? Here I have been trying all day long to be as polite as you are, and what's the result? Friends all think I'm crazy and wife in tears. How the devil do you account for it?"

And Caperton smiled feinely as he replied:

"My dear boy, do you know what my wife said to me the other day?"

"No; what?"

"She said:

"My dear, I'd give anything if you had the dignity and depth of Mr. Buddway." —Tom Masson, in *Life*.

## Don't Kick—Work.

Don't kick for bigger boots  
Until your own are bustin',  
Don't kick for bigger work  
When your tools are rustin'.

Go ahead, and never mind  
Your more successful brother;  
Don't drink of one cup  
With your eyes on another.

—H. W. J.

## Her Mistress Agreed.

Bernice had been a very good girl, and when her mistress learned that she had never yet paid a visit to a theater she presented her with a ticket for the performance of a lurid melodrama.

"Well," she queried next day, "and how did you enjoy the play?"

"Oh, mum," said the girl ecstatically, "it was simply splendid! Oh, mum, I do just wish you'd been there! You would have enjoyed yourself to ear the way the servant-girl sauced her missus! Oh, it was grand!"



RURAL WIT.

Cyclist—Will this road take me to Portsmouth?

Yokel—Noa, master. Ye'll ave to git there all by yerself.

## Why the Bright Students Do Not Always Succeed.

R. WARREN, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, has published some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Asquith with whom he was a contemporary at the university. Mr. Asquith is a lawyer who is one of the ablest men in English public life. In the next Liberal Government he is almost sure to be Lord Chancellor, or Home Secretary, or Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he lives ten years, and he is now only 55, he will sure a very respectable place in English history. Dr. Warren enumerates the students who were the intellectuals at Balliol College in his own and Asquith's time, and the list includes Lord Milner, H. W. Paul, and a number of others who have attained eminence; but the majority of them have never come out of obscurity. Dr. Warren mentions one undergraduate whose speeches in the Oxford Union, the famous debating society that has trained so many statesmen, were far cleverer than Mr. Asquith's, and who was distinguished equally with Mr. Asquith for general scholarship. Moreover, this undergraduate had wit and humor, which are not very marked in Mr. Asquith. It was predicted, Dr. Warren says, that the undergraduate referred to would be another Disraeli, yet he has never become anything more than assistant master at a public school, while Mr. Asquith has mounted to great place and achieved a great career.

Every man that has been out of college thirty years could tell a similar story of his classmates. A boy who was a leader of his mates at school is more likely to succeed in life than the duller boys, but in any particular case there is no foretelling. Two boys of equal ability and birth, neither favored over the other by circumstances, start out at the same time to make careers. One rises a little way and stops; the other soars like a lark. The explanation lies deep in the characters of the competitors. School life does not bring out character so much as it does mentality of the academic kind, but character is the main factor of a man's success

## Cockney Chris.

*The Adventures of Cockney Christopher, the Second Discoverer of America, as revealed by himself in a series of letters to his friends in England.*

No 4.

TAMARACK, 3rd Concession, 4th line. Events come thick and fast (there I goes aginetime this time, if you please, not po'try. I just turns a tap like and somethin' comes pourin' out of my 'ead—po'try twice and now science. It'll be religion next, mark my words. Now 'ow do you accalm' for it, old fellow? It comes of thinkin' too 'ard, that's my opinion.) Toronto, as I 'ad s'ch 'opes of, is no good. It's the matter of a cigarette as stands between us. And now 'ere I am landed in a lonely spot throwin' aye of myself on a lot of bloomin' hagriculturists. My clothes is all gone, my best tile-coat and white wes'cut, my bowler 'at and my spats and shiny leather boots. Likewise my watch and chain is also disappeared. "And wot's become of them?" you nat'rally arsts. And I hawsers, "Wy, a chap's got to live, and it's in grub they went—that and a pair of hovers and 'eavy, thick boots as is a pine to lift, and a straw 'at as is a sin to wear." The pictur of misery, that's the honky name as I've got for myself now. But I'll tell you 'ow the ole thing 'appened.

You remember I towld you in my lawst, old fellow, 'ow I bought a box of the best cigarettes. Twenty-five cents I give for them, and not a bit too much thinks I to myself. If I gets a boss wot knows a good smowke when 'e smells it, wy, it's a good smowke 'e'll smell so far as yours truly is concerned. "Healthy sign I calls it when a boss understands a decent fag. Looks as if 'e knew a thing or two. The very next mornin' a chap I met put me on to another job. "First-class boss," sez 'e, "treats you well, pays you well; but it's a good man he wants, you understand me." Of course I hunderserts you," sez I, "and if it's a good man 'e wants, it's a good man 'e'll get, you can stike on that." So I does myself up, lights one of the fags, and steps rahnd to the address given. Openin' the door I blows in a clahd of the smowke just to let them know wot to expect, steps strite up to the manidger, 'olds the fag right under 'is nose where 'e could get a good sniff of it, and pitches my tile: "Shippin' job—wot chawncess?" and so on. 'Sel'me, old bird, 'e gives a kind of a sniff or two and a sneeze. "Chawncess!" 'e hecuate, sneezin' twice more. "And do you drink as well, young man?" 'e arsts when 'e was able to talk. "Wy," sez I, quite pleasant, "I takes my pot of 'arf-and-'arf, but never to get wot you might call boozed." "I'd sooner see you," sez 'e, blowin' 'imself into 'is andkerchief, "I'd sooner see an employee of mine boozed as you might call it, sir, than with one of those vile things in his mouth. I have no use for cigarette fiends. No, sir, none whatever." And with that 'e shewed me to the door.

Bert, old boy, I went aht dazed, in a dream you might say. I goes aht and wanders aht, and, I tell you strite, old cuss, the bird of Melancholy was settin' flop upon my chest.



The bird of Melancholy  
was settin' on my chest.

I chews 'ard upon the 'ole bloomin' thing. "Wot's the good of hanythin'?" sez I to myself, like Chevalier, "wot! w'y, nuth'n! 'Ere I've been tryin' to please every one all ra'nd, and 'ow do I stand? Wy, without a friend. Blimey," sez I, "in future it'll be just myself I'll please." And just as I got so far who should come rahnd the corner but the very chap as put me on to the job. "Hello, partner," sez 'e, "and how did you make out?" If it's 'ow I got on your means," I hawsers, "wy I tells you striite it was in the worst possible." And I set to and told 'im the 'ole story same as I've pitched it to you. Well, you should just 'ave seen 'im larf, Bert, old cuckoo, I tell you I thowt I'd 'ave to run a 'op rahnd 'im to keep 'im from bustin' of 'is sides. "Larf 'earty!" at last I sez to 'im, gettin' bit riled. "Beg your pardon," 'e replies, "but I couldn't help it. I tell you, if you'd walked in and said, 'Look here, boss, I think you're blamed old fool, and I woul'n't work for you for a five-spot a day,' you couldn't have done worse for yourself." Seems that cigarette smowke isn't appreciated over 'ere. They wants to leave a man no pleasures, do the big men out 'ere—that's their haim. Besides, is there reason in it, Bert, old man? I leaves it to you. Is there? But when it's a question between me and my smowke, I sticks to my smowke every time, and you can 'ay your lawst penny on that.

But I couldn't get a job nohow. To tell you the 'ard truth, old pal, at lawst I found myself dahm and aht—as they say, ev'r 'ere—without a bob to my name. Pawn and pawn that's wot I 'ad to do, and I was walkin' abht pretty 'ard up when I comes across an old man settin' on a bench—sort of



a philosopher I should think from the looks of 'im. 'E passes the time of dye, and I does likewise. "And 'ow long 'ave you been in the country?" 'e arsts. Now that's a question wot is arst me once every day when I'm not arst twice or more, and it fair gets on my nerves. But I replies quite polit, "Oh, a matter of a few dyes." "And 'ow do you like the country?" I knew that was comin', because it halways does come on top of the other, so I 'ad my hawsers ready. "In the worst possible." "Oh," sez 'e, not a bit taken aback, "perhaps that's because you don't handle the country properly. City-bred now, I can see you are. Have you tried farming?" "No," I replies, "and I don't mean to." But 'e got torkin' abht things in general, and 'ow there was land wytin' for them as would take it, and 'ow it was only the bums (by which 'e meant cadgers) as loafed abht in the tahn when there was no work there, and 'ow the best men was wanted on the fawns; and I tell you, Bert, old fellow, 'e got me that wound up that at last I takes off my 'at, and dashes it to the grahnd, and shikes 'im by the and, and, "Ere goes," I shouts, "for a hout-and-hout 'omesteader." When you're in Rowme do the Rowmans do; and it's no use torkin', old chap, but I believe that's the honky wye. And that's 'ow I'm out 'ere in this lonely, des'lare spot. It's



"Did she get the man she wanted?"  
"Oh, no! She is most happily married."

pretty 'ard on a man as 'as bin used to better things—no music—all, no pubs, no nothin' but boats and straw and grime and pigs, but wot is, is, as you know yourself, old boy. Good-bye. I writes with a full 'ear!

Your pal,

## Fidelity.

I lift my hat in the darkness  
As I pass the gateway through,  
And breathe a good-night blessing  
My little one, to you.

May secret vassalage ever  
The worth of my passion prove,  
Though a deeper darkness falling  
The lure of your eyes remove.

Oh, in life's dearest night-time,  
May a love more rich and deep  
Than I have told live for you  
When, trusting, dear, you sleep.

CHRIS.

—H. W. J.

## The Sin of Unselfishness.

U D E do not hear of sin or crime in these days of heredity, subconsciousness and hypnotic influence. But there is no better word than the old-fashioned monosyllable to describe a quality that is deadly both to its possessor and to those upon whom it is exercised. Unselfishness and self-sacrifice have been praised and exalted until they have been regarded as most desirable features in the character of the other man. Few have desired to walk in that way, but many have longed for their associates to choose that path and remove all briers from the way of the unsaintly. Ruskin, who had a disturbing fashion of pulling down idols and making dust of their clay feet in the market-place, boldly declared that self-sacrifice was not to be commended, and that pain for its own sake was nothing to be extolled.

The idea that there is some magic virtue in suffering has perished with other mediævalisms. Sweet may be some uses of adversity, but the ways of appendicitis and lumbago are not those of peace. There is no suffering more thoroughly agonizing than a toothache raised to the Nth power. But who would assert and loudly maintain that there is spiritual purification in an aching molar or a jumping wisdom tooth? Wherever it is possible to avoid suffering without becoming ignoble we gladly choose the chloroform route to serenity.

Of course, woman was generously awarded the palm of unselfishness, and man was perfectly willing that she should exercise this admirable quality to the extent that he might be easy and comfortable. The most finished example of this sort of thing is *Patient Griselda*, whom Chaucer has made immortal. She served for centuries as the model of wifely submission and meekness, and even yet men have the temerity to point to her as a "noble ornament" to her sex. But what did this ancient dame suffer? She took meekly the abuse of her husband, who deprived her of her children and finally put another in her place, and then she went uncomplainingly into exile. When she was restored, she was properly grateful for

the honor. Now what sort of woman is that as an ideal for any age? She was entirely without self-respect, which is a quality essential to greatness. She is to be pitied, perhaps despised, but certainly not admired. In fact, no modern woman ever read the "Clerke's" story of this lady without a desire to shake the patient *Griselda* into something resembling a vertebrate condition.

In nearly every family there is one member who is guilty to a dangerous degree of the practice of unselfishness. Frequently the mother is the transgressor and the result is that her children are a terror to the neighborhood and a misfortune to themselves. She goes like a dowdy in order that the small girl may be gaudily over-dressed and that the small boy may have the finest footwear. She allows them to monopolize the conversation at the table so that their fine young spirits may not be cruelly suppressed, and they grow up and call her a back number. Poets of the rural or garden variety have waxed patetic over the toil-worn hands of the unselfish parent. If the said mother had spent a little of the money squandered on useless things for her unappreciative offspring on a manicure set for herself, her hands would have been more pleasant to look upon and her children would be less undesirable citizens. Strange to say, the British matron is not so likely to make a recklessly unselfish mother as is her American sister. In the United States and Canada the unmanliness of the rising generation, so often deplored by foreign censors, may be directly traced to the unthinking self-sacrifice of their elders. Self-development is what the world needs, not the annihilation of what should be strength and joy. Wherefore we should, all of us, pray to be delivered from the sin of unselfishness.

CANADIENNE.

## The Murmurs of Chadband.

**D**EAR BROTHER,—I am writing this in grief and tribulation to regrettably inform you that I am retiring from the business of reproving sinners. There are so many of them that I find myself unable to take on the job single-handed, especially as so large a proportion of them in their hopeless wickedness, want to make a fight about it. It shocks me very much to find that even responsible people are in league with the offenders. At my new boarding-house I began to address the company at dinner the other evening, when our hostess asked me peremptorily to dry up. She told me afterwards that I should be driving her customers away if I talked to them in that manner; and when I replied that it shocked me to find her placing the prospect of worldly profit before moral reform, she asked me to pack up my trunk and clear out. Oh, my brother, I am despairing of my race in these dark days. It is true that I should not let any come into my business house and talk to my customers in that way; but then I am a good and worthy man, and the people who deal with me cannot fail to derive moral benefit in addition to exceptional business bargains. By the way, I am now selling a large consignment of flannel underwear at an enormous reduction, and as it is only right that the good should prosper, I should like to inform your readers that my business premises are situated at— (We must respectfully refer our "brother" to the advertising columns of this journal—Ed.)

It is not only the set-back I have received from our insolent hostess (we used to call them ladies in my young

days), that compels me to retire from the business of trying to inculcate moral reforms. I must tell you that yesterday evening I went for a walk on the pier with the view of discovering fresh cases of iniquity, and, to my horror, I came upon a young man and woman positively squeezing each other's hands. Acting under a strong sense of duty, I at once approached them, and, speaking to them sternly, I told them I could not allow that sort of thing. I expected them to burst into tears of contrition at my just reproof, but to my surprise the young man abruptly asked me what the deuce it had got to do with me. I do not know what mysterious power it is that always makes us feel more righteous than our neighbors, and entitled to reprimand them for their sins; but I am satisfied, myself, that the conviction of my superior goodness must be well founded or it would not be there. Consequently, it was very painful to me to hear my decision disputed by a mere youth who was no better than anybody else. I told him that if I had control of the pier arrangements I should order such people as himself away at once. By that time a small crowd of people had collected; and to such a depth of sin have my fellow creatures sunk that somebody actually suggested that I ought to be lynched. It is characteristic of our topsy-turvy times that it should have been myself—the only worthy person there—that was selected for this violent treatment. I at once said I should leave the place, and shake the dust of it from off my feet. Then some degraded sinner behind me suddenly knocked my hat down over my eyes, while other wicked people began to punch me with their fists. I cried for the police, but, as usual, there was no answer to my appeal, even the representatives of law and order in this deplorable age being in league with the sinners. I was hustled along the pier and finally kicked out into the road, where with some difficulty I was able to separate my hat from my face, and to look with tear-dimmed eyes on the light again. A crowd of ruffians followed me even to my lodgings.

My brother, I have been in bed ever since suffering from shock and punches in the back. And in the leisure afforded me by my unwelcome confinement, I have been thinking over this great problem of the sinfulness of other people. Do you know, my brother, it has actually occurred to me that I may have been mistaken in my judgment. It is true that I have never kissed a girl in my life; but then I have never had the temptation to do so, as it is not a form of relaxation that appeals to me. Is it possible that those who succumb to such a temptation are proportionately free from other sins such as may-grubbing and usury? I have thought that perhaps all the good men are not so good as we have hitherto believed. We merely rebuke in others offences which we have no capacity for committing ourselves; while we resent indignantly the suggestion that our sins are sins at all. I think I shall give up the preaching business, my brother, and spend some time in silent observation around me instead. In the meanwhile I am free to express my profound astonishment that any section of the public should permit another section, composed of entirely the same clay, to preach to it and exhort it with impudent insistence. When I think of these things I can only wonder that those young men on the pier let me off so lightly. I have so far found grace by my meditation that it seems to me I deserved what I got.

Yours, on the retired list,

A. CHADBAND.



Elderly Masher—What a beautiful complexion you have, li'l girl! Just like your mamma's.

Little Girl—Yes, only mine doesn't rub off.

## Some Intercepted Letters.

MY DEAR FLEMING.—

If you people don't get busy and extend that line up Avenue road we'll stop the whole procession and the overworked employees will find life one grand, sweet song. The City Engineer has been properly mad for some time and you'll find that this is no airy bluff like the Yonge street bridge. You can't afford to go without your pay, and neither can Senator Cox and the other mis-Directors. I hate to think of you having breakfast food without cream, but really, my dear Fleming, since we have chewed the rag in vain, we now intend to carry the injunction to the bitter end unless you will convey our citizens to a proper jumping-off place.

URQUHART.

MY DEAR DR. ORR.—

Your noble action in objecting to pay for the champagne consumed by the officers of the British navy evokes the heartfelt thanks of every Canadian mother. Perish the thought that in the Toronto Good the use of such fatal beverages should be approved by the manager of the Great and Only Show. I am sure that this magnificent protest of yours will echo down the corridors of time long after the bones of the Exhibition Directors have mingled with the sacred mud of their native city. George Washington and William Tell and Florence Nightingale are mere tinsel in comparison with your shining virtues. Long will it be told that you took a noble stand against the use of fizzy stuff by the officers of the "King's Navy." I shall drink your health in pure, sparkling Peruna at our next convention, and with best wishes, dear sir, believe me,

Trottoally yours,

W. C. T. U.

MY OWN THEODORE.—

Stroke the dove of peace for me. I am pleased to know that war is called off, although, dear boy, there is not that high Morocco finish to the European situation that I should like to see. The Anglo-French entente is something I find it difficult to digest, for these dishes with foreign names are displeasing to my palate. Honest old Milwaukee beer and the pie that made New Hampshire famous are good enough for me. I trust that Miss Alice is enjoying herself in the Far East and will form no entangling foreign alliance. Count on me always to assist you in preserving peace, if it takes my last regiment to impress upon the Orient the blessings of our civilization. I rejoice to know that you are now basking in the rays of that lime-light beneath which I love to roam. You will soon get used to it and find that it is none too strong for your eyes.

Fraternally yours,

WILHELM.

PROFESSOR MAYOR.—

Sir.—You will kindly consider yourself no acquaintance of ours for many harvest moons to come. That we are the granary of the Empire was acknowledged when the Canada arch was erected in old Lunnon. To say that we need to grow a little more and have a million or so population before we can sell England all the wheat she needs is a base libel on our glad young country and the new provinces which have just been blessed by Sir Wilfrid and Sir Gilbert. Ere the golden promise of another decade has set, the University of Saskatchewan will possess a professor of political economy who will make the present occupant of that chair in Toronto look like three dimes. In the words of the immortal Dickens, "We must be cracked up. Our backs is easy riz."

Yours in wrath,

THE LANNATE WEST.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

*A Mediterranean Trip.*

THE steamship *Aldeboran* was lying at the West India Docks, whence she was about to start on a six weeks' cruise in the Mediterranean. The special train from London, bringing the miscellaneous collection of passengers, had just come in, and the tender was busily puffing to and fro carrying them and their luggage on board.

It is notorious that people, taken in a crowd like this, always seem to look their very worst; and yet even so an unprejudiced observer would have felt bound to confess that, on the whole, those who scrambled up the companion-ladder on to the deck of the ship were a fairly nice-looking and well-turned-out lot. There was one young man who noticed with distinct satisfaction that the ladies of the party reckoned among their number several who were not only young and pretty but also blessed with that indefinable air of smartness which indicates, if not good birth and breeding, at least a comfortable balance at the banker's.

This young man was Mr. Montague Haffenden, who had made no secret among his friends at his club in Piccadilly that he was taking this trip, not so much with a view to enjoying the beauties of the Mediterranean, as in the hope of picking up a bride who would esteem it a privilege to be allowed to settle up his numerous debts and keep him in comfort for the rest of his natural life. He was always immaculately dressed, and his pick-and-span baggage was itself an unmistakable proof that he had paid (or owed) a very handsome sum for it.

As the young man watched with a critical eye the stream of people ascending the companion his attention was suddenly caught by a funny little figure panting under the burden of several large and unwieldy parcels, which rendered her ascent up the steps one of considerable danger and difficulty.

"By Jove! What a quaint little body!" said Haffenden to himself. "Coat and skirt bought cheap at a bargain sale; hat from the Seven Sisters road; and hair done in the style of the year One! Somebody's governess, I suppose."

At this moment a man who was standing near him moved away in the direction of the line of new arrivals streaming on to the deck, and, approaching the girl whom Haffenden had been mentally quizzing, lifted his hat, and said, politely, "Excuse me, mayn't I help you with your gear?"

The dowdy little person looked up, and smiled brightly through her very unbecoming veil.

"Please don't bother," she said, softly. But she did not offer any very strenuous opposition when he quietly took possession of her various belongings, and inquired the number of her cabin.

Having steered her down to this, and deposited her various packages, he said, "And now I will leave you to your unpacking; but before I go perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself properly, as I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again later on."

He extracted a card from his pocket-book and handed it to her, and then, once more raising his hat, he made his way on deck again.

"Mr. Richard Grindlay, Paper Buildings, Temple," read the girl, as she closed the cabin door. "I thought he looked like a barrister, and rather a nice one, too!"

Meanwhile Mr. Grindlay returned to the upper deck wondering who the odd-looking girl he had just assisted could be.

At dinner that night, when all the ladies appeared in resplendent evening blouses and all the men were attired in correct evening dress, he had no difficulty in "spotting" the heroine of the parcels, who was still wearing her cheap coat and skirt, while her badly-done hair and an aggressive pair of glasses completed an effect which Mr. Haffenden contemptuously summed up as "hopelessly frumpish."

Dick Grindlay, however, who was very much less critical, felt strangely interested in this lonely little mortal, who had evidently never been to sea before; and after dinner he found her

a deck-chair and a rug, and made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit on deck.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Grindlay," she said, demurely. "And now I think that, in order to complete our introduction, I ought to tell you who I am. My name is Amy Jackson, and I am going out to Naples to be governess in an Italian family."

"Oh! you're only going as far as Naples!" said Grindlay. "Why, that means that you will only be on board about ten days, and will miss all the best part of the trip."

"Yes, I am afraid so," assented Miss Jackson. "But then, of course, a mere governess can't expect to have everything her own way, can she?"

Dick Grindlay "supposed not," and the conversation soon drifted into other channels, the dowdy little governess soon proving that, if she was a bad dresser, she was at any rate a good talker. And Grindlay, who had at first been polite to her merely out of pity for her loneliness, soon decided that he was not sacrificing himself so much after all.

Mr. Haffenden, who passed them in the very latest thing in dress waistcoats, seeking for the prettiest girl on board on whom to bestow the favor of his attentions, snickered slightly as he muttered to himself, "So the nursemaid has found a congenial companion, has she? Well, I hope they are both enjoying themselves, that's all!"

There is apparently something in the air of the sea that brings out the inherent snobishness of human nature. And Mr. Haffenden's views of the dowdy young lady were evidently shared by the majority of people on board, who persistently snubbed and ignored her; so that, if it had not been for Dick Grindlay, who genuinely enjoyed her society, she would scarcely have had anyone to speak to. As it was, however, she managed to have a very good time; and when the day drew near on which she was to land at Naples both she and Grindlay were sorry.

"I wish you were coming on with us to Constantinople and Cairo," he said, the day they were passing through the Straits of Bonifacio.

"Yes, so do I," she admitted, promptly; "but the stewardess tells me that, after Naples, my cabin is booked by a very grand young lady and her maid, so that my departure will be a clear gain to the ship."

"Oh, I hate grand young ladies!" said Grindlay. "There are plenty of them on board already; but I like a really sensible girl like you, to whom one can say whatever one likes, without being afraid of giving offence."

The following day the *Aldeboran* arrived at Naples; and Mr. Grindlay went ashore with Miss Jackson and helped her to pass her baggage through the customs, and then, having said goodbye to her, he wandered off into the town to see the sights of Naples. The *Aldeboran* remained at Naples for two days so as to give the passengers a chance to ascend Vesuvius and visit Pompeii, and then she sailed for Athens, which was the next port of call.

Shortly before starting for Athens a shore-boat came off to the ship containing two very elegantly dressed ladies and an immense pile of baggage, which excited considerable interest among all the passengers of both sexes. The ladies of the party were full of curiosity, as to the contents of the trunks, while the men were consumed with a desire to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a lady; for it very soon became apparent that one of the elegantly attired occupants of the shore-boat was merely the French maid in attendance upon the other lady, whose name, on the authority of the purser, was said to be Miss Marjorie Dorincourt.

Before Miss Dorincourt had been on board half an hour everyone was talking about her and her beautiful clothes, and by the time dinner was over that evening all the men were hopelessly in love with her, while all the other women were busy saying spiteful things about her. As it is generally admitted that to achieve this particular condition of things is the aim and ambition of every daughter of Eve, it is to be presumed that Miss Dorincourt was having a particularly good time; and she would no doubt have felt flattered beyond measure if she could have heard Mr. Montague Haffenden declare in the smoking-room that night that she was a "real ripper!"

Long before Athens was reached Miss Dorincourt had been admitted on all sides to be the belle of the *Aldeboran*, and every man on board, from the captain downwards, was acknowledged to be her abject slave. Of course the women declared that she was over-dressed, and that she made up, and that her figure owed nothing to nature and everything to art. But then, as Montie Haffenden ingeniously pointed out, "There wasn't a woman among the lot of them who would not have adopted the same means if she thought she would bring about the same result."

There was no doubt true enough, though naturally they would not have been prepared to admit it.

In any case Mr. Haffenden had determined that Miss Dorincourt was an angel specially sent by Providence to replenish the depleted resources of the house of Haffenden, and at the same time to make him a lovely and stylish bride. And so he devoted himself assiduously to the task of winning her affections, and he was sufficiently sure of his own attractions to make certain that no woman could fail to find him irresistible.

Meanwhile, Dick Grindlay, deprived of the society of the little governess, found the time hang rather heavy on his hands, for so dashing a lady as Miss Dorincourt was not in his line at all, even if she would have condescended to take any notice of him, which he thought was extremely doubtful. Haffenden, on the other hand, was making the running very strong, and by the time they had reached Damascus people were beginning to get quite accustomed to seeing him trotting round in the character of Miss Dorincourt's slave.

Fortunately, however, this catastrophe had not occurred, and by the time he had finished changing into dry clothes and had gone up on deck again the anchor had already been weighed and



*Mrs. Townley (boarding at the farmhouse)—How disgusting! No wonder they call them pigs.*

not seem exactly to have fallen a victim to his attractions, for she spent a good deal more of her time in stubbing him than in giving him any sort of encouragement. It was at Jerusalem that Dick Grindlay first obtained an introduction to the heiress, for such she had been ascertained to be.

Montie Haffenden neither knew nor cared anything about the sights of Jerusalem, and so, finding that he was worse than useless as a pilot, Miss Dorincourt turned to appeal to Grindlay, who happened to be standing near, and at once accepted his offer to escort her to the Mosque of Omar and the Temple Area.

For the next few days it was noticed that Mr. Haffenden's nose was rather put out of joint; while Grindlay, who had expected to find in Miss Dorincourt a mere society beauty, was surprised and delighted to discover that she was not only an extremely well-read woman, but also an excellent talker.

She even induced him to confide in her to the extent of telling her about the plain little governess who had occupied her cabin previous to their arrival at Naples.

"She sounds quite an interesting little person," said Miss Dorincourt; "but I suppose you only talked to her out of pity for her loneliness."

Dick Grindlay, for some unknown reason, found himself blushing, as he replied:

"Well, it certainly began like that. But, do you know, I very soon learned to like her for her own sake."

Whereat Miss Dorincourt laughed.

On the day that their time at Jerusalem came to an end they left in a special train for Jaffa, where they were to join the *Aldeboran* again. Now the harbor at Jaffa enjoys the distinction of being rated at Lloyds as the worst harbor in the world. And on this occasion the roughness of the sea made it a matter of considerable danger and difficulty to get off to the ship, which was lying nearly two miles out, in the big shore-boats manned by Arab boatmen.

But the difficulty of getting out to her was nothing compared to that of transferring the ladies of the party from the boats to the gangway of the ship; for the motion of the waves was such that the boats varied in height a matter of ten or twelve feet, compared with the apparently motionless gangway of the *Aldeboran*.

Dick Grindlay had gone in one of the earlier boats and had got safely on board, where he was leaning over the taffrail watching the exciting task of embarking to Miss Dorincourt's turn the big Arab who was standing at the foot of the gangway tried to catch hold of her as he had done the others, but he somehow miscalculated the time, and she slid through his fingers into the sea.

Montie Haffenden, who was just behind her, peered anxiously over the side of the boat, hoping to be able to catch hold of her when she came to the surface.

Long before this happened, however, a figure had slid swiftly down a rope that was dangling over the side, and was plucking in, had brought up the unconscious form of Miss Dorincourt.

Fortunately she had only really been under water a few seconds and was more frightened than anything else, so that by the time she had been carried down below to her cabin she opened her eyes, and was able to assure her bearers that she was none the worse for her wetting.

Finding that there was nothing more that he could do Grindlay went off to his own cabin in search of dry clothes, congratulating himself upon the termination of the episode, for he knew well enough that the real danger had lain, not in either of them getting drowned, but in the fact that the dancing waves might easily have brought the head of one or both of them against either the boat or the bottom of the gangway, and so knocked them senseless.

Fortunately, however, this catastrophe had not occurred, and by the time he had finished changing into dry clothes and had gone up on deck again the anchor had already been weighed and

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thought it highly suitable when it was announced a few days later at Cairo that Mr. Grindlay and Miss Dorincourt were engaged. What they did not know, however, was that it was not so much his gallantry in rescuing her from a watery grave as the kindness he had shown in her in the character of a dowdy little governess that had really won her heart on that Mediterranean trip.

An Incident of the Road.

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "five dollars will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

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**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
has been used for over FORTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, CURES the SORE THROAT, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world, and also for Dr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup take no other kind. 25 Cents a Bottle.

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with any compressor air system, as it is altogether the only cleaning and dust-removing system in the world; besides it is really by far the cheapest.

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Fine, strong, healthy teeth and gums and a pure breath are the reward of Sododont.  
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Everybody on board the *Aldeboran*

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EDUCATIONAL

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Handsome new buildings. Modern equipment. Lower and Upper Schools. Boys prepared for the University. Royal Military College. Nine Masters in residence. Autumn Term commences September 10th, 1905. Calendar on application. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., Principal.

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Founded in 1809.

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Principal—Henry W. Auden, M.A., Cambridge, late Sixth Form Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh. The College will reopen for the Autumn term on Wednesday, September 13th, 1905, at 10 a.m.

Separate Preparatory Department for boys between the ages of 9 and 13, with separate staff and equipment.

Fifty acres of grounds. Separate infirmary with physician and trained nurse.

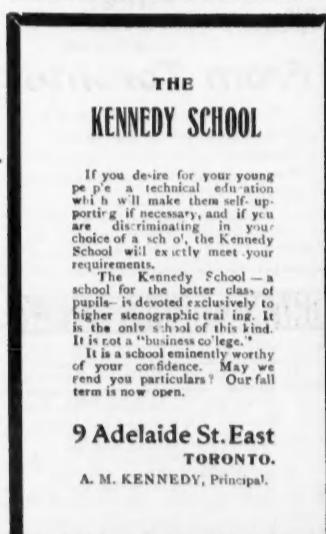
Concord University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for cultivation of sports and athletics.

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships. Saturday, September 16th, 1905. Special scholarships for sons of pupils.

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Successes this year, 4 University scholarships; 8 for the Royal Military College.

The Principal or one of the masters is at the School to interview parents.



## THE KENNEDY SCHOOL

If you desire for your young people a technical education which will make them self-supporting if necessary, and if you are desirous of giving your choice of a school, the Kennedy School will exert every effort to meet this kind of romance, he would perhaps have been correct.

He next proceeds to show that, according to Teodor de Wysewa, "Abroad as well as in France, the romance is in a very sickly state." M. Davray particularizes as follows:

"If we watch what is going on in England, where the romance of manners is produced as largely as in France, we perceive that with our cousins, as with us, this particular brand of literature is sickening and withering,

although the symptoms of the malady are different from those which are seen in France."

After premising that the romance of manners originated in England, and is for the English what conversation is for the French and music for the Germans, he continues:

"The Englishman is moulded by religion, politics, and business; his insular position and the exigencies of fierce commercial and industrial competition have developed in him a character positive and cautious, . . . . The natural man is entirely hidden under the icy mantle of the social individual. But this stiff attitude, this rigid dignity, this contemptuous solemnity which despises the tender promptings and self-surrender of the heart, this strict and pitiless integrity, this unbending and undeviating morality . . . . is only a mask which conceals passionate sensibility, goodness, and boundless self-sacrifice."

Hence the English novelist looks on life from the outside without going into its depths; it is a *Punch and Judy* show to Dickens and Thackeray, in contradistinction to Balzac, who wrote of love, for instance, as the prime motive of life. "When two human beings give themselves to each other, laws, conventions, obstacles—everything else but love is lost sight of" in the French romance.

Some English romance writers have actually written satires, he proceeds to say; they attack abuses of legislation, like Charles Read; and deal half cynically with social problems like George Eliot. Mrs. Humphry Ward has dealt with religious controversy and more recently with the *new woman*. Mr. Henry James is a psychological novelist, and in this department has eclipsed Paul Bourget. But the romance is decadent generally. The novelist has become a "writer of fiction," an industrial destination of glory but covered with gold, like "Hall Caine and the presumptuous Marie Corelli."

He continues with an account of the romance of imagination in England as follows:

"The modern romance has seen its day, . . . . Abroad, as in France, its sickness comes from the same cause.

This cause may be simply stated. In all Europe the novel writers have lost the art of telling a story."

The romance of imagination, he asserts, still survives and shall survive:

"All works that differ, however slightly, from the ordinary romance of manners are sure to achieve success.

Witness the works of Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells. Both of these are wonderful story-tellers. Especially has the first, with his *Jungle Tales* and certain of his novels, entered a domain as yet unexplored in which he has shown unexpected originality. The second, a marvelous visionary of inexhaustible imagination, is led by his fancy into every corner of the universe, from the dawn to the twilight of time, without losing sight, however, of the actual present world."

As man is "fundamentally a lying animal," Kipling and Wells love to relate things non-existent, fabulous, chimerical, and improbable, and have an aversion for all that is true, or resembles the truth, he continues. But he foresees to predict what form the new romance is to take, or to guess what fresh avatar awaits it.

Sophie Witte, sister of M. Sergius de Witte, writes in a letter from Russia to the New York *Evening Post*:

"Maxim Gorky has recently published a new play in four acts, and two short stories. All of Gorky's works enjoy enormous popularity in Russia, but this story of *The Prison* has produced an altogether extraordinary impression upon the people, because it was written by the author in prison, and from personal knowledge of what he describes."

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**Anecdotal**

An Irishman entered an old-clothes shop in New York and asked the Jew proprietor for a suit of clothes. The intending purchaser fitted on a coat and vest, and with these instantly disappeared while the Jew was searching for a pair of trousers to match. The Jew immediately started in pursuit, crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!" Then a policeman took up the chase, and fearing that the thief would elude him he drew his pistol, on seeing which the Jew cried, "Shoot him in de pants! Shoot him in de pants; de coat and vest am mine."

The late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was once dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen. Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey he said he had been favorably impressed by one of its laws: "All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed." The baron, with smiling *sang froid*, immediately relieved the consternation of the other guests by the bland rejoinder, "How fortunate, Prince, that you and I do not live there."

Two Irishmen visited a well-known perambulating menagerie. After completing the circuit of the show they came to a slit in the canvas above which was a bill containing the legend, "Exit." "Begorra! Pat," said one of the twain, "here's a place we mustn't miss; I wonder what sort of a baste 'exit' is?" They followed the index finger on the bill, and to their wonder and astonishment next moment found themselves among the crowd outside. "Och, bedad," said Mick, shaking his fist at the man who barred his entrance, "you're an ould swindler, ye are; bad luck to ye and yer ould show."

A grand wedding was about to be solemnized. The usual crowd of people lined the pavement close up to the red carpet. In the wake of a long string of equipages of the most aristocratic kind came a disreputable four-wheeler with an old cabby looking very shabby. It stopped just in front of the red carpet. "Here; hi!" shouted the policeman on duty, "you can't stop here, we're expecting the bishop every moment!" The cabman regarded the excited policeman with a leer, and as he got down from the box in leisurely fashion and threw a ragged cloth over his skeleton of a horse said, "It's all right, guv'nor, I've got the hold buffer inside."

A traveller in the mountain country of East Tennessee stopped one day at a cabin. In the shade of the house sat a comfortable-looking middle-aged man, apparently at leisure. A dozen dogs loafed about him. "Can I have dinner here?" asked the traveller. "I reckon so," drawled the man, "when the old woman turns up." The "old woman" came in after a while, leading a weary-looking mule and wiping perspiration from beneath her big sunbonnet. She got some wood, made a fire, fetched some water, and soon had dinner ready. "You have a fine country here," said the traveller, as they sat down to the meal. "Yes," said the woman, "it's about as fine as there is for men and does, but it's mighty hard on women and milies!"

A good story is told of the well-known German surgeon Thiersch. A rich man came to him in Leipzig one day and asked him to recommend a clever specialist, adding that he did not mind how far he travelled or what expenses he incurred. Thiersch looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Well, if you like to travel, go to Berlin to Bergmann; or if that is not far enough, go to Munich and see Nussbaum; or if you want to go farther still, start for Vienna to Billroth. When you get to these men, they will ask you, 'Where do you come from?' and when you answer 'Leipzic,' they will say, 'You blockhead! Why don't you go to Thiersch?'"

While the Shah was inspecting the Persian pavilion at the Liège Exhibition recently, he remarked that the weather was oppressive, and added, "I am sleepy." And he wanted to sleep on the spot. The pavilion was respectfully evacuated, and the monarch stretched himself on a soft and slept at his ease. At the door a number of persons waiting were somewhat vexed at this Oriental *sans-gêne*. In the afternoon there was a second visit to the Exhibition. "I am sleepy," repeated the Shah. Everyone went out, and the procedure of the morning was repeated. No one dared move for fear of waking the sleeping potentate; but the monarch's somnolence was voted somewhat inopportune by those present.

An elderly churchwarden in shoving himself one Sunday before church time made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quick! calling to his wife he asked her if she had any court plaster in the house. "You will find some in my sewing-basket," she said. The warden soon had the cut

covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed everyone smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed he asked a friend if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "Well, I should think there is," was the answer. "What is that on your nose?" "Court plaster." "No," said his friend, "it is the label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yd. long.'"

"The late General W. R. Hartshorne," said an old soldier, "had a host of stories always ready to be drawn on when an illustration or an instance was in demand. In his company one day I was in a sour mood. He asked me what the trouble was. I told him I had entertained a certain rich broker seven times at dinner, and he had responded with a sandwich and a glass of milk in a light lunch *café*. 'He was like the Scot from Peebles,' said General Hartshorne. 'This Scot, with his wife and four children, came from Peebles to London, and stayed three weeks at the house of a third cousin. During this visit the host showed himself a very prince of hospitality. He took the Scot's entire family to the Palace and Alhambra a half-dozen times. He gave them dinners at the Star and Garter at Richmond. He drove them in hansom to the Tower, the Abbey, the National Gallery, and all the other sights. And on the last day, seeing them off, he took the Scot into a bar. "One last drink together," he said, taking out his purse. But the Scot restrained him. "Na, na," he said. "None o' that! Ye've been vera guid to me and mine durin' the last fortnight or mair, and ye ha'e ta'en us everywhere and paid for everything. Na, na; we'll ha'e a toss for this last wee nippie!"'

**The Beauteous, Landlocked, Salt Lakes of Japan.**

By Guy Morrison Walker.

**L**IKE a crescent of jewels the salt lakes of the Inland Sea lie between the Japanese mainland and the tropical island of Shikoku. For 300 miles this wondrous strip of water flows through narrow passes and into beauteous, calm expanses, each in itself a miniature sea, along beaches at times so rocky as to afford no landing-place, but again smooth and sandy; beneathrowning cliffs covered with evergreen and before loomy caverns said to be the ancient home of malignant dragons; past sentinel rocks and on around little islands that look like floating gardens, or lost mountain peaks.

Comining as it does the grandeur of the Alpine lakes with the beauty of those of northern Italy, there is no more picturesque body of water on earth than this string of landlocked salt lakes along whose shores by slow migration crept the original tribes that have made up the Japanese people, and about which are clustered Japanese legend and history.

It is unfortunate in sailing from our Pacific Coast that we strike as our first ports Yokohama and Tokio, which are the two most modern cities of Japan, for to travel through the Inland Sea westward is to go backward over the course of Japan's civilization and progress, whereas if we could land at Nagasaki, one of the oldest cities of Japan, we could come eastward through the "seas within the straits," as the Japanese call them, following the footsteps of Japan's legendary heroes along their shores.

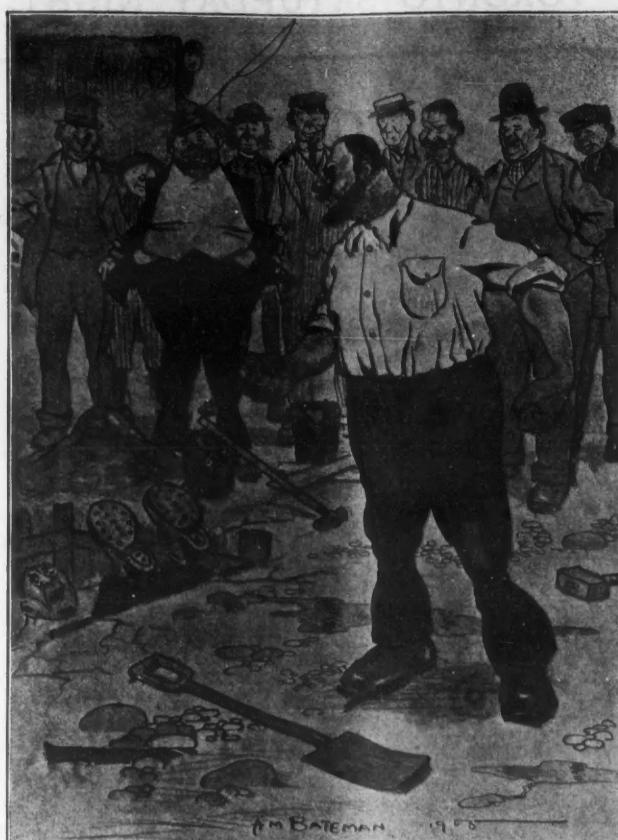
Leaving Yokohama we sail out through the Bay of Tokio, famous in Japanese legend as the scene of the heroic sacrifice of the Princess Tachibane, who, while crossing the bay with her husband who had so offended the sea god that their boat was about to be swamped in a storm, appealed the angry god by throwing her mat on the waves and stepping fearlessly upon it; whereupon the storm went down, and her husband was permitted to go on his conquering way.

It is a long day's sail skirting the south shores of the Japanese mainland to the entrance of the Inland Sea, where, turning north, the entrance is barred by the wild Island of Awaji. This island, a sort of Japanese Eden, is believed, by the Japanese, to be the first land ever formed, for it is related that when the gods appointed two of their number to form the earth, this pair, standing on the bridge of heaven, reached down into the sea with their heavenly spear and stirred up the brine. As they raised the spear, the first drops from its point formed this Island of Awaji. Stepping from the heavenly bridge to this first spot of dry land that showed above the sea, the divine pair continued their work of making the dry land on which now dwell the people of the earth.

At Awajima we enter the first of the landlocked lakes forming the Inland Sea, and soon come in sight of Osaka, formerly called "the Venice of the Orient" because of its many canals and waterways, but in recent times, because of its enormous growth as a manufacturing city, it has come to be known as the Chicago of Japan. Osaka is the port of Kyoto, which lies but a short distance inland up the river and which, for a thousand years, was the capital of the empire.

The region about here is the heart of old Japan. The scenes of the fabulous exploits of their mythical and legendary heroes are to be found on every hand. Near by is the city of Nara, which was the capital of the empire before Kyoto.

It is not surprising that this spot should have been the center of Japanese civilization, for all the varied and picturesque extremes of the empire are gathered into this region. The paddies in the lowlands and swamps, the beautiful green valleys rising above them and radiating from the central valley up into the mountain ranges that circle around; its terraced hillsides outlined with irrigating ditches and dotted with gardens and tea-houses, the distant mountain peaks pale and opalescent, fading into the iridescent sky above; and the flowers and evergreens tell of a climate of perpetual spring. Just above Kyoto is Lake Biwa, the largest



*Burly Navy (to the little man who has attempted to grapple with him)—Nah, then. A little less er yer joo-jitsuo. D'yea?—The Sketch.*

of Japanese fresh water lakes, famous for its beauty.

Across the narrow sea, an hour's ride from Osaka, is Kôbê, one of the largest and most important of the Japanese ports.

Passing west from Kôbê along the shore through narrow straits between Awajima and the mainland we enter a second sea, the most completely landlocked of all those making up the Inland Sea. The quaint Japanese junks with their strip sails fit like phantom boats over the surface of the water that is scarcely broken by a ripple. It was across this sea dotted, then as now, with fantastic fishing boats, that the early Japaneseonauts sailed.

At its western outlet we sail through a maze of luxuriant islands, so thick that one wonders how the ocean vessels are able to pick their way among them. Again through straits and into another sea and we reach Takashima, where the early Japanese pioneers began their wanderings along the shore and embarked on their voyage of discovery to the east.

The fishing-boats that flock around are filled with devil-fish, the octopus of story, and the fishermen who gaze at you in curiosity will occasionally turn to jerk the slimy arms loose from the sides of the boat over which they are trying to escape and, throwing the fish back to the bottom, will strike it a stunning blow with a club that serves to keep it still for a while.

Still further west the boat stops at Hiroshima, where the first Japanese invaders of the main island landed over 600 years B.C. and established themselves before they began their conquering march eastward. It was also the Japanese base of operations during the recent Chinese war. It is not generally known that the Japanese emperor himself spent the year of the war at Hiroshima, directing the operations of his army and navy.

Near here is the sacred island of Miyajima with its temples built down to the water's edge. It is believed by the Japanese to be the most beautiful spot on earth and its sacred soil is protected by a law, coming down from the most ancient time, that no one shall be allowed either to be born or die on this holy place.

Rounding the point we pass Iwakuni with its ancient bridge of most primitive pattern and enter the last of the landlocked lakes that form the Inland Sea. This lake is famous as the scene of the greatest naval battle in Japanese history. Here the rival fleets of the Taira and Minamoto clans, consisting of 500 and 700 junks, respectively, met to settle the question of supremacy. The Taira fleet was wiped out and for months their armor-clad warriors were washed up on the surrounding shores and, to this day, their ghosts are said to haunt the waters in which their lives were lost. It was across this lake that the original Japanese emigrants sailed as they left the island of Kyushu, to the south, on which the work of blending Mongols and Malays into the progenitors of the Japanese of to-day had already been accomplished.

The Strait of Shimonoseki, through which we leave the Inland Sea and enter the Sea of Japan, has long been famous in Japanese history and is today one of the best fortified places in the world. It was there that the guns of the Occidental world were, for the first time, turned on Japan, which demonstration of the superior power of modern armament led to its adoption by the Japanese. And it was there, in a temple high on the hillside overlooking the straits, that Li Hung Chang signed the treaty that gave up China's historic suzerainty over Korea and ceded to Japan the great fortifications of Port Arthur, for the recovery of which, after they had been wrested from her by Russia, Japan has sacrificed so many lives.

The region about here is the heart of old Japan. The scenes of the fabulous exploits of their mythical and legendary heroes are to be found on every hand. Near by is the city of Nara, which was the capital of the empire before Kyoto.

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*Madge*—Did you find it hard to grasp that Frenchman's meaning?

*Dolly*—Not at all. He made it just as easy for me as he could. Nearly everything he said had a double meaning.—*The Confidante.*

"So Mrs. Lever has applied for a divorce after thirty years of married life?" "Yes. She says she wishes to be friends with her husband before she dies."

*Landlady*—Some of my boarders have been with me for years. *New Boarder*—Haven't the strength to leave, I suppose?

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." "Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a wonderful lot to start on!"

*Bank Teller*—This cheque has your husband's name signed to it, Mrs. Nuwed, but he has neglected to fill in the amount wanted. *Mrs. Nuwed*—Oh, that doesn't matter. Just give me all there is to his credit.

*Senator Craft*—Do you think I would accept a bribe? *Dyer*—I haven't enough money to find out.

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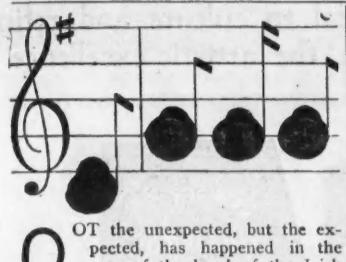
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OT the unexpected, but the expected, has happened in the case of the band of the Irish Guards. It was predicted in this department of SATURDAY NIGHT that they would win a triumph in a concert hall that would make their successes on the Exhibition grounds seem insignificant by comparison. And the prediction has been verified, for at their concert on Saturday evening last they created a veritable furor among an audience that taxed the seating capacity of the large auditorium of Massey Hall. Even the critics were delighted by the gain in sonority, crispness of accent, *nuances of crescendo and decrescendo*, which had been almost obliterated in the vast space of the Fair grounds or covered up by the multiplicity of noises made by the thousands of sightseers. Ignoring the flimsy "snippets" which the band gave as a concession to the taste of the masses, the programme included a selection that would have been worthy of the best efforts of a great symphony orchestra. The Tschakowski *Italian Caprice*, the Litoffl overture *Maximilien Robespierre*, the overture to *Tannhauser* and the overture to *William Tell* composed a quartette of inspiring works that gave the band every opportunity of showing their best qualities of tone, execution and interpretation. And they stood the test with honors. With what agility the reeds played the difficult string passages of the *Tannhauser*, and the delicate rapid *staccati* of the *William Tell*, with what effulgence of tone and majestic volume the brass chanted the noble theme of the *Pilgrims' Chorus* in Wagner's overture only those who were present at the concert can realize. The cornet solos of Sergeant Hunt, so remarkable for sweetness of tone and beauty of phrasing, the solo work of the oboist in the Rossini overture, and the brilliant technique of the flute and piccolo throughout the evening, were the theme of universal comment. Mr. Hassell conducted the serious numbers with sound judgment and with a poetic freedom that did not degenerate into capricious license. Towards the close of the concert the audience, the bandmaster and the Mayor and the president of the Exhibition Association constituted themselves into a mutual admiration society. The Mayor complimented the band on their performance and the Exhibition directors on their enterprise in bringing the band over here; Mr. McNaught also complimented the band on their splendid playing and presented Mr. Hassell with a watch, chain and locket in testimony of the satisfaction of the Exhibition managers; Mr. Hassell in his turn complimented the citizens of Toronto on their loyalty, and above all, on their musical taste, and he added with some naïvete that the King would be delighted to hear that the band had been properly appreciated in Canada. And thus everybody was pleased and put in good humor, and the concert closed in the happiest manner possible. The band will give one more concert at the hall this Saturday (today).

John C. Fisher's company is giving this week a very satisfactory production of *San Toy*, all the more satisfactory because the prices for seats are moderate. One does not often hear a fairly enjoyable performance of comic opera except at advanced prices. The company, who are having large business, therefore deserve all the patronage they are getting.

The regular season of music at Massey Hall will be inaugurated on October 3, with the first appearance here of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. I may express the hope that lovers of music generally, and of orchestral music in its highest manifestation specially, will exert themselves to make the concert a success. It would be a reproach to Toronto as a musical city if the experience of the late Theodore Thomas when he first brought his orchestra to this city were repeated in the case of the Boston organization. It is a matter of history that the receipts of the Thomas orchestra *début* amounted to \$62 all told! If the Boston Symphony Orchestra receive a generous degree of patronage on their coming visit they will, no doubt, be a regular annual feature of our musical attractions. They are admitted to be one of the finest orchestras in the world; some critics think that technically they are first in the first rank. The Boston people have for years paid thousands and thousands of dollars for the maintenance of this orchestra; music lovers here will have the privilege of hearing them without any further demand on their purses than the price of their seats.

If success is any criterion of merit then the comic opera *The School Girl*, which comes to the Princess Theatre next Monday, must be an excellent production. Both in London and New York the piece has played to exceptionally long runs. The music is by Leslie Stuart, the composer of *Floradora*, and should at least be rich in the popular element of tunefulness.

Miss Elizabeth Topping has returned to the city and has joined the staff of the Conservatory of Music. Miss Topping has been directing the musical department of the Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, where her work was highly appreciated. Speaking of a social given by her, one of the Staunton critics said of her talents as pianist: "She has the rare gift of carrying the audience with her, either in the soft, dreamy passages of music or in strong

chords of fire and passionate feeling. She has so mastered the technique of the piano that in listening to her one forgets the difficulties of execution."

Mr. Douglas Bertram will make his first public appearance in Toronto since his return from abroad in a piano recital to be held Thursday evening, October 12th, in the Conservatory Music Hall. He will give the entire programme, which includes numbers by Beethoven, Chopin and a few novelties, also a very noted transcription by Busoni of Bach's great C major organ *Toccata*.

In reference to my comment last week on the promised production of Wagner's *Valkyrie* this season by the Henry W. Savage Opera Company, Mr. Payne, the New York representative of the company, writes me that Wagner will not monopolize the efforts of the organization. Their repertory will include *Rigoletto*, *Aida*, *Faust* and *La Bohème*, in addition to the Wagner works, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*.

Dr. Ham informs me that the rehearsals of the National Chorus will commence on the 18th inst. The executive committee may be congratulated on having had the enterprise to engage the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch to assist the chorus at their next concert. The selection of accompanied numbers for the chorus will include Dr. C. H. Lloyd's setting of *Allan-a-Dale* from Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*, Sir Frederick Bridge's cantata *The Flag of England*, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, with libretto by Rudyard Kipling; and the *Song of Peace* by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The part songs will include numbers by Dr. W. G. Bennett, Pinsuti, and others. One may confidently look forward to having a rich feast of miscellaneous music at this concert, which it is intended to give in January. Dr. Ham is sanguine that the chorus will surpass its former efforts, as it is composed of excellent material and will be most thoroughly drilled.

Dr. Torrington announces that his programme this season for the Festival Chorus will consist of the two oratorios *Messiah* and *Redemption*. The public, he thinks, will never tire of hearing these two grand compositions.

The Sherlock Vocal Society are competing in the oratorio field and have arranged to produce *Samson*, so that there can be no ground of complaint that the supply of oratorio this season will be meagre.

The first rehearsal for the season of the Mendelssohn Choir took place on Tuesday evening last at the Conservatory Music Hall, with a very large attendance of the members. Great enthusiasm pervaded the meeting, and progress was made on some of the new music for the concerts of the society in February next. With the co-operation of the entire Pittsburgh Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur, Mr. Vogt will make memorable the season of 1905-6 by the production of Beethoven's Ninth, or Choral, Symphony, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis' Night*, the latter being a setting of part of Goethe's great poem. The membership of the chorus has been increased since last season, and in technical ability and tone-color will undoubtedly show considerable advance. A concert in Buffalo in conjunction with the Pittsburgh Orches-

tra has been arranged for the week following the Toronto concerts.

Miss Ida H. Sutherland, A.T.C.M., soprano soloist during the past year at Queen street Methodist church, has accepted the position of vocal instructor in Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee. Miss Sutherland, who is a daughter of Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland of this city, expects to leave for the South on September 18th.

Mr. Henry S. Saunders has resumed teaching at his studio, No. 21 Harbord street.

*Kritik der Kritik* is the name of a periodical about to be issued in Breslau by the well-known publisher, S. Schottlaender. In it the authors will have their innings against the critics, while the editor will fire his arrows both at those who turn criticism into adulation, and those who write as if every concert, book or picture were a personal insult to the reviewer. An attempt will also be made to discourage the writing of criticisms late at night for next morning's paper.

Mr. John F. Runciman of London, himself a critic, wonders whether all critics are insane. He himself feels fagged out by the summer season, and wonders how his colleagues can attend provincial festivals to hear performances of *Elijah* and the *Messiah*. "The gentlemen," he declares, "who incessantly demand novelties from Mr. H. J. Wood at Queen's Hall, who idiosyncratically will Richard Strauss as a great composer simply because his music is uglier than ordinary cathedral organists' music, could not sleep at nights if they did not hear for the millionth time oratorios of which every one, save poor benighted provincials, has been tired for fifty years."

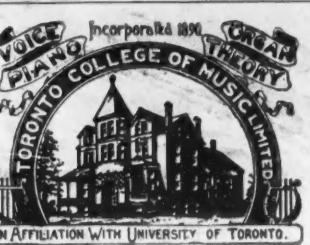
According to a writer in the *Etude*, the prices paid to music teachers in the Southern States vary from twenty-five and forty cents in the rural districts, and a minimum, to seventy-five cents, as a maximum; in the larger towns and cities, the price per lesson may reach \$2.50 or even \$3. The teaching season covers about eight months. Regarding music teaching in general, the editor of the *Etude* remarks that "that teacher who has an income averaging \$15 a week throughout the year is better off than the majority of school teachers. In Indiana, last year, out of the 16,000 school teachers of the State, 12,000 were paid less than \$500 a year."

At a recent sale in London of autograph letters and musical manuscripts, the highest price, \$120, was paid for the original of a dance piece written by Beethoven. Of the letters, one by Wagner fetched the biggest sum—\$30. A Rossini letter was bought for \$5, a Gounod for \$2, a Massenet for \$1.60, a Patti for \$1.

Miss Marie C. Strong, so well and favorably known as an artist in Toronto and Canadian musical circles generally, has been teaching privately in the city during the past year, and has met with so much encouragement in her work that she has decided to remain in Toronto permanently. Miss Strong has formed a class of exceptionally fine voices, and can be seen at her studio at Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge street.

Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, who so for-

tunately secured the privilege of studying under the famous tenor, Jean de Reszke, has returned to her home in Toronto after spending the summer in Paris. Miss Shepherd, previously to continuing her musical studies under the direction of Monsieur Jean de Reszke, spent a year in New York under Mr. Oscar Saenger. Altogether Miss Shepherd has had a very brilliant experience. She returns to Toronto with a broad musical knowledge obtained from the world's greatest vocal instructors.



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Whitey, Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall.

21 Danforth Road, Rosedale.

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Without study. Easy, rapid method. Trial lessons free. Highest class references.

7 NORTH STREET, TORONTO.

## Make It a Point To See Our New Hats.

Never before has there been such harmony between art and millinery, and never before have our showrooms been so rich in picturesque shapes, and soft, beautiful colors. The large hat is here—to wear with the Directoire and Empire gowns, which are to be so popular this season among smart women. And here, too, are the small and medium hats for street costumes.

There are bewilderingly pretty, high crowns, dome and large-topped flat crowns—hats fetchingly tilted in surprising but tasteful curves, with sweeping plumes under and over the brim—plaques, crumpled in round folds with high bandeaux, or curled at the back in original effects—and jaunty Nattier shapes, high-backed and with a dainty dignity particularly their own.

Velvet, chenille, lace, silk, beaver, fur, foliage, flowers and felt are all combined in every up-to-date shape, and in shades that blend exquisitely. And feathers—feathers and yet again feathers; wings, birds, ospreys, plumes, of every description.

*Fur hats and turbans are a feature of our showroom, early as it is. Particularly becoming are these hats charming in their softening effect. Trimmed with velvet, lace, flowers, pompons, etc.*

*But you will see for yourself this lovely display of smart and altogether artistic millinery. We must, however, tell you about*

### This Picture Hat

A most graceful shape from M. Pouyanne, 4 Rue de la Paix, Paris. High Gainsborough crown. Broad brim, rolling at the left in a curve of great beauty (exactly as cut). The color-scheme is grey and pink, the upper part of the hat being grey panne velvet, with a fold of Dresden silk round the crown in white, pink and mauve, caught at the left side with a large jewelled buckle. The brim is lined with the Dresden silk in folds; and under the brim at the left three plumes, tinted in old rose and pink, curl out from a knot of large pink taffeta ribbon. Altogether this hat does credit to its Parisian maker. It's really a "creation"—a "dream" materialized.

**Price \$35.00.**

Prices for EATON trimmed Hats \$3.50 to \$18.00.

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**

190 YONGE ST., TORONTO



### Does the Story of your Mirror Please You?

Do you see a clear skin free from imperfections, whether dark or fair, bright eyes, red lips, pretty eyebrows and luxuriant hair? Those are qualities the French say make beautiful women.

#### You May Be Beautiful

if you consult us and follow our advice. It may mean some time, trouble and expense; so does a hand-some gown or beautiful painting, but would either give you the satisfaction you would derive from being able to say *I am Beautiful*.

Consult us personally or by letter without expense if you have any imperfection in your hair or figure. We've made thousands of them in removing *Superfluous Hair* permanently by Electrolysis. Lines and Wrinkles removed. Masticating and Chiropractic skillfully done. Send, call or phone N. 1665 for details. "H."

**Graham Dermatological Institute**  
502 Church St., Toronto. Established 1892.



### PRINCESS THEATER WEEK SEPT. 18 POPULAR MATINEES ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. The Great ENGLISH Musical Success THE SCHOOL GIRL.

With MISS CARRIE REYNOLDS, the beautiful Prima Donna, and a great cast. Just as presented 400 nights Prince of Wales Theater, London, and 150 nights at Daly's, New York. The prettiest Comic Opera now before the public.

#### Chips.

**Phipps**—I advertised for a new organist and choir-leader for our church. **Pratt**—What luck? "Great! Only got one reply, but engaged the writer on the spot. Here's the application: 'Dear Sir,—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services.'"

**Landlord**—You paid no rent last month, sir; I suppose you are aware of that? **Tenant**—No. Well, I suppose you'll hold me to the agreement? **Landlord**—Agreement? What agreement? **Tenant**—Well, when I rented the flat you said "I must pay in advance or not at all."

**Chimmy**—What is the best way to teach a girl to swim? **Johnny**—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, yet arm gently 'round her waist and—**Chimmy**—Oh, cut it out! it's my sister! **Johnny**—Oh! Push her off de bridge!

A Spokane woman was called home by her mother's illness. The mother died, and the daughter telegraphed her husband: "Mother dead. Shall we cremate, embalm, or bury the remains?" The husband answered: "Do all three. Take no chances."

A traveller passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood. "Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as

that in 19—?" "Oh, no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the Mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."

**Parson Johnson**—Ah, wish de muders ob dis congregation would bring dey babies to church wif dem. "Nevah mind how young dey am, jes bring 'em along. If dey are too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey are at least, yell an' keep de deacons awake!"

A colored minister said to his flock the other day: "In dese days ob horseless carriages, skirtless girls and sinners it would be better for de modesty of dis yere congregation if dey were a few more chickenless chickencoops."

**Hasker**—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before, and not after. **Wasper**—I know, but don't you think that the dog has his preference, too?

Charlemagne was in need of Amusement. "Why," they asked him, "do you have such a large number of court jesters in constant attendance on your Royal person?" "Because," he replied, with a right regal chuckle, "I could not earn the surname of 'The Great' were I not careful to keep my wits about me." It is said that the courtiers died laughing. "I see Bilkins eloped with his cook!" "What did he do that for?" "No way out of it. She was the best cook they ever had, and she gave notice!"

#### Facts in the Case.

**Professor**—What constitutes burglary? **Law Student**—There must be a breaking.

**Professor**—Then if a thief entered the open door of your room while you were asleep and extracted five dollars from your pocket you would not call it burglary, eh?

**Law Student**—Yes, sir; that would break me. *Chicago News*.

#### At Shea's Next Week.

Manager Shea will give Shea theatergoers a good bill for next week which will be headed by the great prima donna Marguerita Sylva. This beautiful woman has always been an immense favorite in Toronto and the announcement that she is to be heard here will be a welcome one. Others on the bill are the Sisters Macarte, John Eberly, Dixon and Anger, Mr. and Mrs. Howards, and the Five Mowatts.



MISS CARRIE REYNOLDS,  
The beautiful Prima Dona in *The School Girl* at the Princess Theater.

## SOCIETY

On Wednesday, September 6th, at the home of the bride's parents, the marriage took place of Miss Daisy Bryce, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bryce, 95 Woodlawn avenue, to Mr. Harry Gain of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. C. Hassock of the Deer Park Presbyterian church. The bride was dressed in white *crêpe de Chine* trimmed with Honiton lace and carried a bridal bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Jean Long of New York, wearing white *point d'esprit* with Maltese lace and carrying pink bridesmaids' roses. The groomsman was Mr. Harry Creighton of Toronto. The decorations were in pink and white, roses, hydrangeas, palms and ferns. Only the immediate relatives were present at the wedding, which took place at one o'clock in the afternoon, but after luncheon a reception, at which one hundred guests were present, was held and refreshments were served from a marquee on the lawn, music being furnished by an orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Gain left for a trip to New York and Atlantic City, the bride wearing navy blue cloth and a blue toque.

Miss Marie C. Strong has returned to the city after a pleasant holiday.

The pretty residence of Mr. E. P. Nash, Newton, Mass., was the scene of a quiet wedding on Tuesday last, when Miss Kathryn F. Harding of Boston was married to Mr. M. B. Scott, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward N. Noyes. The bride was attended by Miss Angie M. Kendrick of Brockton, Mass., as bridesmaid, and the groom's brother, Mr. C. W. Scott of Montreal, as best man. Mid showers of rice and good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on the evening train for the West and will return home by way of Toronto, where they will be the guests of the groom's sister, Mrs. L. F. Shields, Maitland street.

Mrs. Totten of Chicago and Mrs. Henry Wade of Toronto are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade of 424 McLeod street, Ottawa.

Mr. T. K. Wade, one of the officers of the Toronto Island Aquatic Association, is in Ottawa visiting his brother, Mr. Wade, accountant of the record department.

Mrs. Jack Harmer and her son of Winnipeg are visiting their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. S. Richard Fuller, 391 College street, until the end of the month.

Her many friends were glad to welcome Miss A. B. C. Jackson, an ex-college girl, on her flying visit through the city. Miss Jackson is on her way to Cleveland from a vacation at the coast.

Miss Anna Margaret Buchanan of Detroit is visiting the Misses Carsons of Bellevue avenue.

Mr. H. McKenzie Stanbury, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Henry Stanbury, Orde street, returned to St. John, N.B., on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Gash has gone to Boston to attend Miss Grace King's wedding.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald and her daughter, Miss Eldred Macdonald, have returned from Muskoka.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barron in Czar street on Thursday evening, September 7th, when their youngest daughter, Agnes, was united in matrimony to Fred R. Mallory, D.D.S., only son of Fred and Mrs. Mallory, Beverley street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Gray, in the presence of a large number of guests. The house was most tastefully decorated, the color scheme being in green and white in the form of floral arches. The first of the bride's party to enter the drawing-room was a tiny wee tot in white satin, Master Gordon, as ring bearer. He was followed by the maid of honor, Miss Margaret Barron, a cousin of the bride's, who was sweetly pretty in a gown of cream silk over taffeta, veil, and also carrying red roses. Then followed the bridesmaid, Miss Margaret Barron, a cousin of the bride's, who was sweetly pretty in a gown of cream silk over taffeta, veil, and also carrying red roses. As the orchestra played the wedding march the bride, tall, fair and stately, entered leaning on

the arm of her father. She was a picture of daintiness in her gown of ivory louise silk *en train*, her long tulip veil being held by orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of white roses. The groomsman was Dr. E. W. Moles of Norwich, and Mr. McLaren of Stratford was bride's usher. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride's party formed and repaired to the library, where the register was signed, after which Dr. and Mrs. Mallory received the congratulations of their many friends. The wedding *déjeuner* was served immediately, and shortly after the young couple left on the 10.30 train for Quebec, Halifax and points east. The bride's going-away gown was navy blue with French touches of red, with which she wore a small hat in blue and red and a handsome fawn coat with Persian trimmings. On their return Dr. and Mrs. Mallory will reside in their new home in Spadina road.

A most charming musical and At Shea's was given last week by Mrs. W. F. W. Lent at her pleasant home in Elmwood. Mr. and Mrs. Lent received about forty guests; the spacious drawing-room proved an excellent concert salon. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and an excellent programme of classical and ballad music, comprising songs, duets and trios, was given by Mrs. Lent, Miss Maude Davidson of Penetanguishene, Miss Beatrice Smith of Toronto, Mr. Thomas W. Carlyle of Elmwood, and Mr. Rechab Tandy of Toronto. Dainty refreshments were served and the handsome gowns of the ladies, especially that of the hostess, as well as the delightful floral decorations, were greatly admired.

Mrs. Walter A. Cockburn and Mrs. George Gordon of Sturgeon Falls are the guests of Mrs. James Murray of Madison avenue. Mrs. and Miss Murray left on Wednesday for Penetanguishene to attend the marriage of the former's brother, Dr. Robert Y. Parry of Hamilton, to Miss Jean Hall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Hall, which took place on Thursday, September 14th.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show rooms in

A strong appeal to culture and refinement is presented in the artistic excellence of the



We have a large stock of the very latest designs.

## The R.S. Williams & Sons Co.

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OLDEST, LARGEST, STRONGEST.

143 Yonge Street, Toronto.

### BEST QUALITY

## COAL AND WOOD

AT LOWEST PRICES

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**3 King East.** 415 Yonge Street. 793 Queen St. West. 415 Spadina Avenue. 306 Queen St. East. 209 Wellesley Street. Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street. Esplanade East, Foot of Church Street. Bathurst Street, Opposite Front Street. Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing. Lansdowne Avenue, Near Dundas Street. Cor. Dufferin and Bloor Streets.

**ELIAS ROGERS CO. Limited**

## SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK SEPT. 18

Matinees 2:30. Evenings 8:30.

Engagement Extraordinary

of the Favorite Prima-Donna

**Marguerita Sylva**

First Vaudeville Appearance in Toronto.

**Gallagher and Barrett**,

In "Aunt Louisa's Advice."

**The Five Mowatts**

Marvelous Club Jugglers.

**Dixon and Anger**,

The Baron and His Friend.

**John Eberly**

The Phenomenal Baritone.

**THE KINETOGRAPH**,

All New Pictures.

**Special Extra Attraction**,

**Sisters Macarte**,

In a Unique and Novel Specialty.

their office building in Adelaide street, thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

Among the names registered in the United Arts and Crafts visitors' book during the last few days are Harry Coram, Drayton; Dr. Fred V. Hamilton, Allandale; Mrs. J. D. Thomas, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ernest Brown, Smith, London; H. Telfer, Collingwood; William W. Churchill, Rochester; C. A. Lang, Granton; Fred S. Sharp, St. Mary's; Mrs. E. A. McNamara, Brooklyn, N.Y.; W. I. Smith, W. Ross, Ingersoll; Mrs. F. S. Goodwin, New York; Mrs. J. Norman Smith, Montreal; R. E. Cooper, Victoria, B.C.; Miss E. Bothwell, Santa Cruz, Cal.; C. J. Bryant, Joseph C. Halsby, London, England; L. E. Perrin, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. W. H. Wherry, Miss Hazel Wherry, Mrs. Burton F. Foster, Master Cannon Foster, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. M. P. Moreland, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. John Howard Kerr, Mrs. Hendrie, Hamilton; Mrs. A. T. Waterous, Mrs. C. H. Waterous, Brantford; Dr. E. Sturge, Scranton, Pa.; Misses Abraham, New Orleans.

September 16, 1905

15

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## Autumn Arrivals OF Oriental Rugs

We have just opened up and placed on sale a consignment of Oriental rugs, personally selected this summer by our own buyer.

The shipment includes a magnificent assortment of such famous makes as

**Royal Herekei.**  
**Guerevan.**  
**Mirzapore.**  
**Sultaneh.**  
**Kierman.**

**Royal Tabriz.**  
**Afghan.**  
**Calcutta.**  
**Kassaba.**  
**Belochistan.**

Long experience in the difficult task of selecting genuine and perfect rugs, coupled with practically unlimited capital and our custom of paying prompt cash for the largest orders enables us to place unsurpassed values before our customers.

Lists of sizes and prices will be promptly mailed to out-of-town customers on request

**John Kay, Son & Co., Limited**  
36-38 King Street West.

## Professional Housecleaning

Housecleaning is just as hard as carpentering or bricklaying. It isn't a woman's work. No husband who loves his wife would ever expect her to do the housecleaning; no mistress who is considerate of her maids would expect them to do it. Maids as a rule do not do the housecleaning, and when they are told to do it, they work over it superficially. It might as well not be done at all as to be only half done.

What is a Housekeeper to do?

She is to ring up the Toronto Window Cleaning Company. They send competent, fast-working men, to scrub, sweep, dust, polish, take up carpets, clean them, put them down and make the house look as neat as a new pin. They do it faster than women will do it, and they do it better than women can do it.

If you prefer you can have carpets, walls, rugs, curtains, etc., all cleaned without removing, by the Dustless Method (compressed air.)

Either way is the only way.

Saves time, saves money, saves labor, and saves 100 per cent. of the annoyance of having the work indifferently done by half-hearted incompetents.

The Toronto Window Cleaning Company, in connection with the Dustless Method, Limited, give the best and cheapest housecleaning service ever offered the Toronto public. Ring up and find out what they can do for you.

**The Toronto Window Cleaning Co.**  
59 Victoria St.  
Telephone Main 1413.

### Ideal Summer Outing

**Bon Echo Inn, Massanogo**  
In the wildest Ontario Highlands and only a few hours from Toronto. Investigation will prove that it is positively unequalled in attractiveness. Several choice cottages.

For large, illustrated prospectus write the manager, Bon Echo Inn, Bon Echo P.O., Frontenac Co., Ontario

### Lady Gay's Column

Did you ever feel a country beckoning to you? Sometimes the beckoning finger has been icy-cold, and the moving of it slow, inevitable, deliberate, because it beckoned from grim regions of desolation and ice and mysterious unexplored reaches where anything might be, since no one knew what was. Sometimes the beckoning was flirtatious and "gestureful" (if one may coin a word), for it came from gay Paree and suggested a merry old time and night turned into day, and the clatter and laughter and bright badinage of the boulevard. Sometimes it was just like the two hands of friendship stretched out, and one answered with two hands, eagerly, happily, with a swelling of the heart; sometimes it was the tender palm turned up in a pink curving cup, the winsome wooing hand of the most appealing land of all, the sweet green isle of Erin, and one clasped it with a dimness of the eyes and a tightening of the throat that no one but Irish know. It may have been a shadowy hand, and one may have gone with strangeness and slow steps where it beckoned, not sure of joy or peace or comfort. For some time a strong hand has been beckoning to me, to a far, far country. Each month I am more conscious of it, more sure that some day I shall follow it, the patient, slow beckon of that lean brown finger to the teeming land of rajahs and elephants and temples and occultisms; that land where some day I expect I shall find an answer to a certain big question which waits to be considered. I was asking a person of deep thought to-day whether he had ever felt a country beckoning to him. "More than once," he said absently. "For instance, before the late war I had so strong an impression of that sort about Russia, that I went there for a few months. I am glad I went: I saw that people as no one will ever see them in the future. They will probably begin to get civilized now."

I struck by chance a little town that pleased me much in England this summer, quaint little Bedford, where was written within prison walls that wonderful story of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as you are all aware. The first hotel by the railway station, with its funny steps up and down, its trim appointments and its handsome silver-haired landlady; the neat streets, the cleanest you can imagine; the pretty little river alive with every imaginable craft afloat, spanned by old and modern bridges, fringed by pretty promenade or half-rustic park; the bronze statue of John Bunyan, with his book and pointing finger, his strong, serious face and grim perversions—in fact, a spirit of primness pervades Bedford, pleasant as it is with its fine Harper Trust schools, famous throughout the kingdom, its traditions and curious customs elbowing its very up-to-date motor busses, in which you may whirl out to Elstow in the sweet English country and see the house Bunyan lived in, and back again ere you can realize you've done it; or its launches, wherein you may excursion up and down the little river and have a horrified moment of suspense between life and explosion into fragments as you notice the engineer calmly pouring gasoline from a big tin into the reservoir, most startlingly near the danger point. I was in Bedford on Bank Holiday, but it was such a decorous and proper celebration that only my memory of 'Ampstead 'Eath and 'Arry and 'Arriet in their glory made it different from any other sedate twenty-four hours.

Talking of the little visit to Bedford reminds me of a funny thing one may see, coming into London on that line. All sorts of advertisements, posters and placards disfigure the route, and here is what came of their indiscriminate disposal. A pious text had been posted on a bill-board with its reference below, and a famous brand of pickles had in turn taken the place of the text, leaving the reference uncovered and making the bill-board read as follows: "H—'s Pickles. Thirteen different varieties"—John 8, 32. The unwise indulgence of John happened to strike one quick observer and a good laugh was inevitable at the curious sequence of the mixed-up display.

Did you ever buy Bedford rock, and isn't it a satisfying sort of sweet? And by the way, did you ever go hunting for Chelsea buns in Chelsea, and if so, did you find any? Billie and I spent a good hour popping in and out of tea-rooms, bakeries and grocery shops demanding Chelsea buns without avail. It became our sacred duty not to leave Chelsea without discovering this local celebrity, and finally when tea hour was far astern we spoiled our dinner by a grand gorge of the dainty, which we ran to earth in a certain quaint lunch-room about six o'clock. At Richmond one must find a shop which makes maids-of-honor, a startling industry, but resulting in cheesecakes of great richness and indigestibility, which are thus quaintly named. I think a cook-book of these peculiar local delicacies would be rather an interesting volume, providing the history and tradition of the edibles were given. Invent some rich, sugary and unwholesome bit of food, tack a legend to it, give it a local habitation and a name, and tourists will eat it or die! Perhaps "and die" would be the proper remark, if it resembled Richmond "maids-of-honor." Can anything, for instance, be more awful than Banbury cakes? Does Devonshire junket not seem rather a ghastly sort of dessert? Did Coney Island red-hots give you a foreword of a tough little sausage wedged into a split roll? Did you ever try to eat clabber? and may the kind fates preserve me from a second taste of "sea wave," a weird sweet I ventured upon. I think somewhere in Manxland. Really, the only



### They Don't Punch 'Em Now.

There is a reason for all the colloquialisms used in the trades, the expressions being generally used, while the explanation of origin is usually known to only a few. Next to the word "scab," which is now well enough known to be put in a dictionary, the one probably most familiar to the public is the "printer's devil." Ninety per cent. of the printers do not know why he is so called. Aldus Manutius, the story goes, was a printer in Venice to the holy Church and the Doge, and employed a negro boy to help him in his office. The boy was believed to be an imp of Satan by superstitious people of Venice, and, in order to protect him from persecution, Manutius made a public exhibition of him and invited any who did not believe he was flesh and blood to come forward and pinch him. The people were satisfied, but the name, "the printer's devil," had come into too general use to be dropped; and to this day the young imps of Satan who go in a printing office to learn the trade are called printer's devils.

**Jeffreys**—How does your brother take married life? **Esther**—According to directions. His mother-in-law is living with him.

**First Insurance Magnate**—What is your favorite theatrical production?

**Second Insurance Magnate**—Other People's Money.

**She**—And do you really love me for myself alone? **He**—Sure. That's why I don't want your mother to live with us after we are married.

**Mr. Snooks**—To what, sir, do you attribute your success as a salesman? **Mr. Seltlem**—If a customer doesn't see what he wants I make him want what he sees.

**Mrs. Browne**—I wonder if the new order of things will reform Mr. Lushley to any extent. He's married, I understand. **Mrs. Malaprop**—Yes, he's a benedictine now.

One of the modern schemes of physical development that has won favor is a systematic method of breathing. A certain inquirer who was interested in the principles of this system recently wrote to one of its professors for a descriptive pamphlet. One of the rules on the first page read as follows: "After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire." He decided not to try the sys-

## NEW TRIUMPHS OF A NEW SEASON!

--The--

## Heintzman & Co. Piano

Made by Ye Olde Firm of Heintzman & Co.

Led, as was to be expected, in the magnificence of the display made at the Canadian National Exhibition that closed, so successfully, a week ago. In this fact it sounded the note of other victories that are to follow.

Watch the concert season, as it will soon open in Toronto and other leading cities.

**Madame Calve**, the great *Prima Donna*, who is to tour Canada this season, will use a Heintzman & Co. Piano exclusively on her entire trip.

## Piano Salon 115-117 King Street West

local dainty I can remember which does not arouse memories later asleep is the good old Bath bun!

A woman has, I am told, written a letter protesting against the Midway shows lately in order at the Exhibition. It occurred to me one Saturday night that, having a stalwart person at my bidding, I'd like to see what the Midway might be like, not because I had heard it was objectionable, for the letter had not then been written, but just because I'd never seen it. Frankly, I never was more surprised and disgusted in my life. It was indescribable. Even the veriest stupid could make no mistake as to the character or lack of character of the majority of the shows. Messrs. the Directors, let us have a clean sweep, no more filth and immorality for the sake of a few dirty dollars!

LADY GAY.

### Positive.

**May**—Are you sure her complexion is genuine?

**Bess**—Positive; I saw the written guarantee that comes with every box.

### Foiled Again.

**Villain**—If I should kiss you I suppose you'd go tell your mother.

**Modern shepherdess**—No; I should go tell my lawyer.

**Husband**—Look here, have you been taking any ~~new~~ out of the bank's money-box? **Wife**—No, I did. I had to pay a bill. **Husband**—Well, you had no business to. I was counting on that money myself!

Mr. Hogan was arrested for swatting a fellow-laborer with the back of a shovel while employed on a ditch. His counsel told him to plead "not guilty." To that person's surprise, when Mr. Hogan was arraigned and asked the usual question as to his plea, he answered: "Not guilty. I did it in self-defence."



**Greta**—Black Lynn military turban of Chinchilla, with ostrich tips at side front. \$25.

**Sybil**—Fashionable turban of Persian Lamb with plumed tulle rosette, and black quill at side front. \$34.50.

**Dorothy**—Smart model of Persian Lamb with plumed tulle rosette, and black quill at side front. \$34.50.

**WE** desire to draw your attention to our extensive display of **FUR AND FUR-TRIMMED HATS** for the winter of 1905-1906. These hats are designed and trimmed by our own staff of milliners, and are made in all furs. To avoid delay, we urge the desirability of placing your order early.

Estimates given for hats of any fur desired.

Write for Illustrations.

## HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

5 King Street East - - Toronto.



**Grandfather** (enthusiastically)—Say, Willie, don't you want to go through a toy shop with me this afternoon and see all the pretty things?

**Willie** (indifferently)—I'm willing to, pop, if you will get any pleasure out of it.



## 2 Simpson Specials

THE Fall season is here and with it brought its inevitable needs for seasonable garments. We start the season with a splendid special for women's wear, namely, the waist herewith illustrated.

We have thousands of Mail-Order customers all over Canada. It's for their benefit that we are selling this Waist at such a strikingly low price. We make them in our own workrooms and use the greatest labor-saving machinery in their manufacture. This, combined with our paying cash for everything we buy, no matter how large the quantity, explains the price—\$2.39. It's made of high-grade quality black silk taffeta, unlined, with deep tucks on back and front, a very handsome tie of the same material, and trimmed with small covered buttons. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. When ordering **Our Price \$2.39** mention complete number C.D. 925.

### A Great Skirt Bargain

A SPECIAL study on the manufacture of these skirts places us in the best position to solicit your trade. They are made in our own factory, designed by experts, cut by experts, and the machines used in their manufacture are also handled by expert mechanics, thus producing the highest class work at a minimum of cost. The mills supply us directly with materials, and in return for our cash we get the lowest quotations.

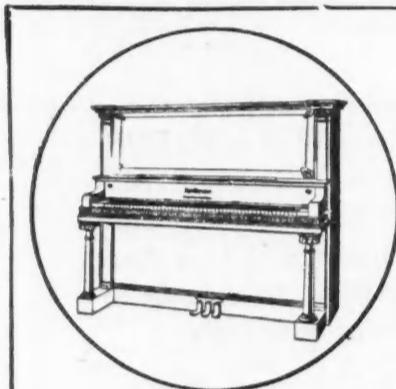
**\$3.45 Do you See the Reasons Why? \$3.45**

They are made of black vicuna cloth of that fine supple quality, unlined, inverted seams over hips, stitched strapping of self and deep pleated gore seams. No matter what price you pay, no other skirt would become you better than this one at \$3.45.

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### The Nordheimer Piano

**A Great Name and a Great Piano**

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15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.**



A scene in the new English comic opera a success *The School Girl*, which comes to the Princess Theater next week.

Tourists—Travelers.

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travelers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

Weaver—Poets, you know, are born, not made. Sisson—So it's not their fault, after all. I'll try to remember that in future.

Mr. Frank C. Smith, the well-known violinist, has resumed teaching at his studio at R. S. Williams Company, 143 Yonge street.

All the Comforts of a Summer Hotel.

"My dear Solomon," said the Queen of Sheba, "how in the world do you manage with so many wives?"

"Very nicely, thank you," replied Solomon. "You see, there are enough of them to form every kind of a woman's club, and a new arrival every now and then keeps them constantly supplied with a fresh topic of conversation."

#### Quite Proper.

*Her bosom friend*—How brave you are, dear! The way you laughed and chatted with your husband at the tea this afternoon, nobody would suspect there was the slightest trouble between you.

*She*—Certainly not. Neither of us consider it good form to wear our divorce suits in public.

The oldest painting in Europe has just been discovered in Crete. It is on a sarcophagus, and is supposed to date back to 2500 B.C. It was recently unearthed by the Italian Archaeological Mission.

When the male cricket wishes to attract the female he raises his fore wings vertically above his head, and by rubbing them over one another produces a high-pitched singing, or perhaps better, shrilling. When the female's attention has been attracted she goes to the male and proceeds to take advantage of the refreshments offered. Upon the male's back, situated well forward on the thorax, is a little depression or well in which a small quantity of semi-fluid material is secreted. Climbing up on the male's back, the female eats this apparently delicious morsel with great eagerness; it is evidently something especially choice, which is formed there for her especial benefit. This proceeding suggests that treating as a means of winning a lady's love is not confined to the allurements of ice-cream and soda-water.

"She's much sought after in high society." "How's that?" "She's a servant girl."

#### Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Gertrude Bartholomew, only daughter of Mr. T. C. Bartholomew, and Mr. Herbert Edwin Paul, accountant of the Molsons Bank, eldest son of Mr. Edwin Paul, of London, was celebrated on Wednesday, August 30th, in Trinity church, Norwich. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Rural Dean Ward, assisted by Rev. J. T. Wright. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the wedding march was played by Mrs. Ward as the bride entered with her father, in a gown of cream duchesse satin. The skirt and train were trimmed with ruchings of silk chiffon, pearl ornaments and sprays of orange blossoms, and the bodice with lace and berths of pearl sequins. A long tulle veil was arranged becomingly with a small wreath of orange blossoms. The jewels were a beautiful pearl sunburst, the gift of the groom, and a diamond locket and chain, the gift of her aunt, Mrs. Wilson. The bouquet was of white roses and maidenhair. The maid of honor, Miss Ethel Wood, Toronto, was in white silk trimmed with chiffon, Honiton lace, green silk girdle, white tulle picture hat with feathers. The bridesmaids, Miss Louie Coker and Miss Mamie Sutherland, wore white silk grenadine with lace yokes, berths, green silk girdles and white hats with tulle ties; all carrying sheaves of carnations and fern tied with green ribbon, and wearing handsome pearl pins, the gifts of the groom. The best man was Dr. Piggott of Butte, Montana; the ushers, Mr. Arthur Kemp, Toronto, and Dr. E. W. Moles, the groom's gifts to these being scarf pins. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The guests from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Paul and sons, Mrs. Wilson, London; Mr. and Mrs. Batman, Miss Batman, Miss Loscombe, Kincardine; Mr. Bell, ex-M.P., Mrs. Bell, Mr. Arthur Paul, Mr. George Wood, Toronto; Miss McMinn, Ottawa. Mrs. Bartholomew, mother of the bride, wore a handsome dress of fawn brocade satin with trimmings of rich lace and cut jet, and becoming toque of lilac; Mrs. Paul, mother of the groom, a gown of grey crepe de soie, white hat with plumes; Mrs. Wilson, black silk damask, with dainty bonnet of tulle and forget-me-nots, necklace of moonstones; Mrs. Batman, rich black satin, with Brussels lace collar, bonnet of lilacs and pink roses; Miss Batman, sun-pleated skirt of white silk organdie, with panels of white satin, hand-painted in pink and mauve orchids, bodice of satin and lace with pearl necklace, toque of white lilac; Mrs. Bell wore black brocade, feather boa and becoming black hat. The presents were numerous, some coming from the Old Land. A handsome clock was presented to the bride and groom by the congregation of Trinity church. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Paul left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, to the Adirondacks, the going-away dress being of navy blue broadcloth with white silk embroidered waist, and becoming tulle turban to correspond. They will reside at Norwich. Mr. Paul was a member of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto.

Mrs. C. A. McKenna, 11 D'Arcy street, and her sister, Mrs. J. Chambers, left last week for an extended trip to New York City and Philadelphia.

Miss Mary A. Smart has returned from Muskoka.

The Misses Bodley, Rose avenue, have returned after spending the summer touring England and the Continent.

Miss Lafayette of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. G. MacConochie, 1880 King street west, who will receive on the fourth Thursday in the month during the season.

Miss Vina A. Lackner of Berlin, and Dr. Frank Lackner of Didsbury, were guests of the City of Edmonton during the inaugural ceremonies September 1st, and also at the citizens' reception tendered Lord Grey, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Murray's Handsome Millinery.

A Brilliant Autumn Opening Held by This Firm on Wednesday Last.

Rich Costumes, Cloaks and Suits Also on View.

Autumn's many rich tints were outvaled by the beautiful display of millinery made on Wednesday at the fall opening of W. A. Murray & Co., King street east. Here were shown the latest popular creations of New York and Paris, all selected with fastidious care and with a single eye to the wants of the thousands of customers of this company. A profusion of hats in grays in all tones, "beet root" red and "Alice" blues revealed to the public the direction in which the fashionable taste was tending in the way of colors. White hats will also be much worn and black will be popular with many. A lovely picture hat of "Alice" blue was shown, made of chenille and velvet, and trimmed with two pretty demi-plumes of pale blue. The plumes were caught at the back by a cut-steel buckle. For persons of a different taste a smaller turban effect was on view. This hat had a plain velvet crown, a blue feather, and a grissette of "Alice" blue.

A small pointed toque shown in "Alice" blue was trimmed with mink, and a number of pale green roses.

The "Kate Barry," a small outing hat which they have placed on sale, is having a great demand in New York. This hat is made like the old-fashioned sailor, with a high crown, and it is covered with velvet. A large silk hat was caught with a steel buckle at the side.

Much interest was evinced in the mantelpiece department, where a new and much admired creation was the tasty carriage wrap, named the "Empire" cloak, which was elaborated by coachman capes with a full ripple, with black

## "Russell"

That is the name of the most successful Canadian-made automobile yet introduced. By that we mean an automobile built of such quality and power as to withstand the rack of hard Canadian roads. The "Russell" was one of the features at the recent National Exhibition.

It develops from 12 to 15 Horse power—is comfortable to ride in—splendidly finished—holds five passengers—Price \$1,500—write for catalogue.

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Full information regarding the cultivation of Rubber, Sugar, Coffee, Chocolate, Vanilla, Sisal Fibre, Tobacco, Oranges, Limes, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Pineapples, Cocoanuts, Rice, Corn, Cattle Raising, Dairying. Also Lands, Lumber, Water-powers, Furniture and Carriage Factories, Pulp and Paper Mills.

The Chimalapa Land Company propose issuing a free monthly bulletin on the tropics of Mexico and its resources.

Send address 88 to 90 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

#### velvet strappings, altogether making it a striking garment.

The fashions of Paris are now calling for ripple capes on long cloaks. Though these are designed for the winter, their shades are reminiscent of summer, and are mainly in pastels, champagnes and bisque.

In tight-fitting suits the long coat is quite fashionable. The fashions this season are characterized by rich plum, heliotrope, and soft green shades, and broadcloths. Velvets are also much desired by the high-class trade, and they are shown in plum, grenat, and rich, dark green shades.

#### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

##### Births

ASHENHURST—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. A. Ashenhurst, a son.

BALL—Toronto, September 7, Mrs. W. H. Ball, a son.

FRANCIS—Toronto, September 11, Mrs. B. B. O. Francis, a son.

KINSMAN—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. W. D. Kinman, a daughter.

PACK—Toronto, September 11, Mrs. Robert S. Pack, a son.

PEARSON—Toronto, September 9, Mrs. J. A. Pearson, a daughter.

PLEWMAN—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. A. E. Plewman, a daughter.

SPENCE—Toronto, September 12, Mrs. James H. Spence, a son.

WILGAR—Toronto, September 10, Mrs. J. C. Wilgar, a daughter.

WILLIAMS—Toronto, September 4, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., a daughter.

##### Deaths

BRODIE—Toronto, Ida A. Brodie, aged 37 years.

COX—Toronto, Fred A. Cox, aged 28 years.

CRAWFORD—Norwood, September 11, Robert Edgar Crawford, aged 37 years.

DICK—Dublin, Ireland, August 31, Mrs. David B. Dick.

FROGLEY—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. Charles T. Frogley.

HAMILTON—Toronto, September 13, Margaret Hamilton.

MCMASTER—Toronto, September 12, William McMaster, Jr., aged 70 years.

MITCHELL—Toronto, September 13, Charles Alexander Mitchell.

SHACKLETON—Toronto, September 13, Levi Shackleton, aged 51 years.

SMALLEY—Toronto, September 7, Mrs. Henry William Smallpeice, aged 82 years.

SUTCLIFFE—Toronto, September 9, Joseph Sutcliffe, aged 77 years.

TURNBULL—Toronto, September 13, Mrs. (Rev.) Turnbull.

1. Adelaide F. Finn to John A. Lafrance.

MALLORY—BARRON—Toronto, September 7, Agnes Barron to Fred R. Mallory, D. D. S.

MELHUISH—CRESWELL—Toronto, September 11, Marion Maud Creswell to Archibald Edgar Melhuish.

Pretty—BROOME—Toronto, September 12, Lotta C. Broome to S. Byron Pretty.

REID—LIDDELL—Toronto, September 7, Marguerite Turner Liddell to Alexander J. Reid.

THOMAS—REYNOLDS—Toronto, September 12, Elizabeth Ann Reynolds to Robert Nelson Thomas.

WEDDELL—ALEXANDER—Toronto, September 13, May Agnes Alexander to Alexander Weddell.

##### Marriages

HORTON—BALL—At St. George's church, Goderich, on Thursday, September 7th, by the Rev. Mark Turnbull, rector, Emily Kathleen, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ball, to William Lancaster Horton, eldest son of the late Horace Horton, x-M.P. Center Huron.

ALLEN—WRIGHT—Toronto, September 9, Elizabeth Wright to William Nichols Allen.

BALL—STUMP—Toronto, September 12, Florence Stump to William A. Ball.

CAMPBELL—MORRISON—Toronto, September 11, Carolina Morrison to Walter F. Campbell.

FARR—McDONALD—Toronto, September 9, Kathleen Lillian McDonald to Charles Yetman Farr.

FINNEY—KION—Toronto, September 6, Frances E. Kion to William T. Finney.

GAIN—BRYCE—Toronto, September 6, Daisy Bryce to Harry Gain.

GREEN—DODDINGTON—Toronto, September 11, Ethel Doddington to Arthur Green.

LAFRANCE—FINN—Toronto, September 11, Adeline LaFrance to John Finn.

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